New Force in Europe: the Catholic Left (page 5)

The Reporter

September 16, 1952 25c

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Portrait of a gerrymander (see page 30)

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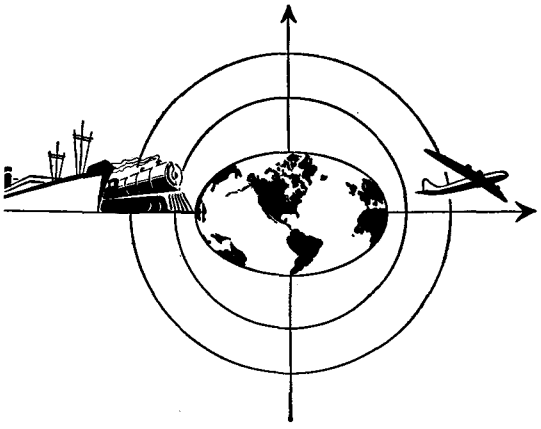

The Reporter's Notes

On Patriotism

Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett recently used a word that is probably as new to our readers as it is to us—a "reclama," he explained, is a word in good standing; in Pentagon jargon it means an official gripe. He dropped this semantic footnote at a Pentagon press conference in the course of making a proposal that we hope will get quick and effective action: Immediately after the election results are known, he suggested, the President-elect should designate a man (not necessarily the new Secretary of Defense) to sit in on all the inner councils of the Defense Department.

Only by means of this or some similar measure, Lovett said, could effective continuity of policy be maintained in what has become the nation's biggest business—the U.S. Military Establishment. He reminded the press that the Pentagon now disposes of three-quarters of the national budget, or roughly $60 billion, and affects practically every aspect of our national life.

Mr. Lovett's proposal and the spirit in which it is made remind us of a reclama of our own. The word "bipartisanship," we feel, should be put on the shelf for the duration of the campaign. Five years ago and for some time thereafter it was a meaningful concept because, off and on, it was a workable one. We hope that after November it will again be workable. But today, when the two parties are, quite properly, far more concerned with demonstrating their differences than with showing their unity, the word has lost most of its effective meaning. In fact, it has by now become a political football. There was, for example, the recent unedifying scrimmage, right on the fifty-yard line, so to speak, between Senator Paul Douglas and John Foster Dulles, each in a very unbipartisan fashion laying exclusive claim to the ball for his own team. There was also the Truman-Bradley invitation to Eisenhower to attend a White House briefing—which, from where we sat, looked like a fumbled lateral pass.

For our money, Mr. Lovett, a long-standing but hardly loud-voiced Republican, has provided the only example of genuine bipartisanship we have seen in months. And he has done it without so much as mentioning the word or the idea. He used instead an older and simpler word. He hoped his proposals would be accepted and implemented in the name of "patriotism." Spoken quietly and seriously, it is not a bad word at all. It has one great advantage over "bipartisanship," for patriotism, when it is really responsible, is *non*partisan. That, we take it, is the spirit behind Mr. Lovett's proposal, and that, we like to think, is the only effective spirit in which to confront the major problems of national security and unity that have been keeping Mr. Lovett awake at night.

Political Prisoners

We think this might be a good time for the Republicans and Democrats to set up a tent and buckle down to the problem of exchanging prisoners. The Korean truce negotiations prove how complicated and drawn out such negotiations can become, and it now appears that both parties have a crucial prisoner question on their hands. Reports come in daily that Adlai Stevenson is being restrained (although hardly kept incommunicado) behind the barbed wire of the White House, of the Dixiecrats, of the Americans for Democratic Action, and of the CIO. Reports also persist, speeded on their way by no less a courier than Alben Barkley, that Dwight D. Eisenhower is being held captive by the Old Guard and Wall Street. (Moscow, of course, declares that both candidates are prisoners of Wall Street.)

It is plain that Stevenson and Eisenhower should be given back their freedom as speedily as possible. Otherwise the American people are going to be bamboozled by symbols. The symbols will be the identity of the captors. The preference of each party for running against the alleged captors instead of the "captives" must be highly flattering to both candidates, but the whole business seems to reflect a bad habit we have gotten into—that of seeking to establish guilt by association. Stevenson, we think, took care of the "captive" issue rather neatly in Springfield when he pointed to the obvious contradictions in depicting a man as a captive of both the Truman-A.D.A.-CIO camp and the Dixiecrats. But the monotonous cry of "captive" continues, and we hope that the "prisoners" won't have to kick up such a fuss about it that the real issues are sidetracked. Something of the sort happened on Koje Island not long ago.

Texas and Tidelands

After fourteen years of wrangling and two Supreme Court decisions, the tidelands oil controversy is still going strong. Feeling is especially high in Texas, whose Democratic leaders have been trying—unsuccessfully—to press

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Governor Stevenson into a commitment to fight for Texas's "rights."

The Texas case is peculiar because of the terms under which the Republic of Texas joined the Union in 1845. Rather than assume responsibility for the large Texas public debt, the United States specified: ". . . said state, when admitted into the Union, after ceding to the United States all public edifices, fortifications, barracks, ports and harbors, navy and navy-yards, docks, magazines, arms, armaments, and all other property and means pertaining to the public defence belonging to said Republic of Texas, shall retain all the public funds, debts, taxes, and dues of every kind which may belong to or be due and owing said Republic; and shall also retain all the vacant and unappropriated lands lying within its limits, to be applied to the payment of the debts and liabilities of said Republic of Texas; and the residue of said lands, after discharging said debts and liabilities, to be disposed of as said state may direct."

Texans maintain that the phrase "within its limits" means the original boundaries of the state, ". . . beginning at the mouth of the Sabine River, and running west along the Gulf of Mexico three leagues [ten and one half miles] from land, to the mouth of the Rio Grande."

The only other state that claims rights beyond the three-mile limit is Florida, which hasn't been sued and continues to collect revenues from the vast kelp beds in its marginal seas. With Texas it's another matter: Texas wants the income from the underwater oil—and is bidding twenty-four electoral votes for it.

Just Any Old Change

The editorial mind of the pro-Eisenhower press seems to have come to focus upon one main issue: the need for a change. To ours comes a passage from Machiavelli's *The Prince*.

"The city of Florence," wrote Machiavelli, "having after the year 1494 lost a portion of her dominions, such as Pisa and other places, was obliged to make war upon him who held these places; and, as he was powerful, they expended great sums of money without any advantage. These large expenditures necessitated heavy taxes, and these caused infinite complaints from the people; and as the war was conducted by a council of ten citizens who were called 'The Ten of the War,' the mass of the people began to hold them in aversion, as being the cause of the war and expenses, and began to persuade themselves that, if this council were done away with, the war would also be ended. Thus when the time came for reappointing the Ten, they allowed the term to expire without renewing the council, and committed their functions to the Signoria. This course was the most pernicious, since it not only did not relieve the war, as the people had persuaded themselves it would, but it removed the men who had conducted it with prudence, and produced altogether such disorder, that they lost, besides Pisa, Arezzo and many other places; so that the people, perceiving the error they had committed and that the cause of the evil was the fever, and not the physician, re-established the Council of Ten."

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND GOP

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

Nixon, Dirksen, and Gop one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of murky light
  Into the public view.
"Where are you going, and what do you
    wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish
For the voting-fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of slander and blame have we,"
    Said Nixon,
    Dirksen,
    And Gop.

Nixon and Dirksen are Senators
  And Gop is the party name,
And the wooden shoe with the creaking oars
  Is the platform of the same.
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
  Of wonderful fights that be,
And you shall see fantastic things
  As you rock on the campaign sea
Where the old shoe rocks the fishermen three,
    Nixon,
    Dirksen,
    And Gop.

CRY

Strong men, take a friendly tip,
Loosen up that upper lip,
Learn how two have made it pay—
  Mossadegh and Johnnie Ray.
There's no virtue in control
If it lands you in a hole;
Weakness is the wiser way
  Of Mossadegh and Johnnie Ray.
Bigger nations ought to try it,
Have a tantrum or a riot,
Just relax and be a wreck
  Like Johnnie Ray and Mossadegh.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

OPERATION DIXIE

To the Editor: "The Southern Textile Industry: A Union Man's Nightmare," by William S. Fairfield (*The Reporter,* July 22), leaves as much unsaid as said.

Fairfield completely omits the racial question in the South and its impact on the Southern drive. Only an employer (or his attorney) wholly untutored in union-busting would, in the course of the diatribe to his employees at the advent of an organizational campaign, fails to point out (1) the fact that unions not only admit Negroes but elect them to official posts, and (2) the stand taken by labor on FEPC. To the average "po'-white" mill worker, whose little salvation in this world is that he has the Negro below him in the social and economic scale, such information is awfully persuasive and weighs heavily in his decision as to which side he will take in the ensuing election.

There is also to be considered in this analysis the difference in kind between the Southern textile industry and the other leading industries of the United States. It, in comparison, probably requires the least amount of skill to accomplish the desired production. This situation makes for easy replacements in time of strikes.

While Fairfield touches upon the religious issue, it is the opinion of many that this is the predominant impediment to unionization in the South. Since the pulpit is usually controlled by the employer, the results can easily be seen: Unions are viewed as materialistic, godless monsters who are against everything the Good Book teaches. The worker usually remains convinced that the road leading to the greatest security for him lies upon that laid down for him by his paternalistic employer rather than upon promises made by new people with funny names who came from far-off New York.

ROBERT COHN
Cincinnati

VIVE FINLAND!

To the Editor: William Hessler in his article on the Baltic (*The Reporter,* August 19) made me angry. "Finland," he said, "for purposes of foreign and military policy, is the prisoner of the Soviet Union." Without a friend on earth willing to help them when they stood alone against Russia, what could a nation of four million do except make terms with Russia? Surely you know that, even while fighting two wars against Communist Russia, Finland has continued to pay on time every installment on her debt to us and has just now completed payment to Russia of the heaviest debt ever laid on any people in the history of war. Finland has never quivered in the presence of Stalin or his mighty men. The Finns seem to know how to say, "Thus far—and no farther." They admit they don't know why their nation still is free. Sometimes I think Stalin admires their guts.

I spent months fighting *Time* magazine's map maker who insisted on coloring Finland as a Communist country. He finally colored a map properly—but I had to throw the New York *Times* at him quite often before he did. Now you print a map showing Finland under Soviet control. I know that the article (excuse me, I'm excited!) explains in some measure—but what about the people who don't read the article? Maybe *Reporter* readers are different. So many people who don't know and don't care about the little fellow have marveled that I am able to travel in and out of Finland as easily as I do. They are the ones who look only at maps.

Yes, I know the terms of Finland's treaty of peace with Russia, the terms of the nonaggression pact, the trade agreements. But Finland is free nevertheless.

ISABEL FOYE
North East, Pennsylvania

A BAS McCARTHY!

To the Editor: Congratulations for publishing one of the few helpful pieces on McCarthyism ("McCarthyism: How It All Began," by Millard E. Tydings, *The Reporter,* August 19) that I have seen in these two and a half years. It has long been a source of regret to me that Mr. Tydings and the professional anti-McCarthyites did not adopt such a dignified and factual approach toward the McCarthy campaign in the beginning and stick to it.

Probably President Truman's unfortunate "red herring" remark in the Hiss case prepared the way for McCarthy, but, despite the blow dealt public confidence by the conviction of Hiss, McCarthy would never have achieved his present notoriety without what has seemed the calculated ineptitude of the Administration's defense and its persistent refusal to admit that it might have made a slight mistake or two in the course of the last seven years.

The statements of Governor Stevenson on that score have come as a breath of fresh air through that fog of belligerent omniscience, which serves only bring into question the very real accomplishments of the present Administration. Two and a half years of jumping at McCarthy's bait is just that much more than it has warranted. Let us devote our energies to more fundamental issues and end, the press be willing, this morbid fascination with McCarthyism.

ALBERT H. BOWMAN
Alexandria, Virginia

FRATERNALLY YOURS

To the Editor: I am a member of the CIO. I should like to have you and/or Mr. Ralph M. Blagden and/or Mr. Robert K. Bingham explain, in the article "Who Is Richard Nixon?" in *The Reporter* for August 19, 1952, the first sentence of the last paragraph in the first column, which reads: "Nixon challenged Voorhis to a series of debates in which he dramatically compelled his opponent to make the damaging admission that he had been endorsed by officials of the CIO."

I construe it to mean that endorsement of any person or thing by any or all officials of the CIO is an awful thing. In fact, since you fortify the adjective "damaging" with the verb "compelled," you seem to me to be saying that CIO endorsement is well-nigh a criminal action.

Do I take you aright?

LORIMER D. HEYWOOD
New York City

[Not quite. The intention was to characterize Nixon's methods. In the district where the election was held, endorsement by the CIO *was considered damaging. No criticism of the* CIO *was meant by the writers, one of whom, incidentally, is an officer of* The Reporter's *unit of the American Newspaper Guild,* CIO.—THE EDITORS.]

EAST MEETS WEST AT KANSAS CITY

To the Editor: Your article about General Charles A. Willoughby ("Heidelberg to Madrid—The Story of General Willoughby," *The Reporter,* August 19) confirmed some of my suspicions about MacArthur's grandiose aide.

For some reason, though, you fail to mention one fact in connection with Willoughby's friend, the great Philippine promoter Andres Soriano. Soriano's interests, it seems, extend as far east as Kansas City, Missouri. Harry Truman's interests, as everyone knows, extend that far west. And there they meet, in the person of Thomas Gavin, local Democratic wheelhorse and Truman's alternate at the Democratic Convention, who is also vice-president of the Muehlbach Brewery, owned and operated by Andres Soriano. It was Gavin's vote as much as anything that started the Stevenson tide running at Chicago. Do you suppose this means that the MacArthur crowd was secretly working for Stevenson all the while and this is why MacArthur gave such a bad speech at the Republican Convention?

C. P. TRUITT
Little Rock

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

Though the election campaign is claiming the American public's attention, the East-West tug of war for Europe goes on without interruption. In this issue *The Reporter* examines three separate forces influencing, each in its own fashion, the course of current history on the continent. Theodore White reports on the little-publicized but highly important Catholic Left; Howard Whidden describes three lures dangled by Stalin before the eyes of the West Germans; and John Linehan takes us behind the scenes in the Munich broadcasting headquarters of Radio Free Europe, whence truth is beamed at Communism's captives to the east.

Because Editor Max Ascoli is on vacation, no editorial appears in this issue.

Theodore H. White is a European correspondent for this magazine. . . . **Howard Whidden,** foreign editor of *Business Week,* recently completed a survey of the political and economic situation in Germany. . . . **John Linehan** has been covering Germany and Austria for the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . **Henry S. Hayward** is a correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* in Korea. . . . **George and Ruth Barrett** write from Tokyo and Korea, where he is a New York *Times* correspondent. . . . **H. R. Reinhardt** was formerly United Press news editor in the Hong Kong bureau and Far Eastern correspondent for the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung.* . . . **George W. Groh** writes from Milwaukee. . . . **Chalmers Roberts** is on the Washington *Post.* . . . **Robert Knapp** is a graduate of West Point and a former Regular Army officer who served as a lieutenant colonel, Field Artillery, during the war. . . . **Robert L. Hatch,** a free-lance critic, writes regularly for this magazine. . . . Cover by **John Ployardt.**

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New Force in Europe: The Catholic Left

THEODORE H. WHITE

THE SCENE was Paris, the time evening, the occasion the Communist riots protesting the arrival of General Ridgway. As the rain drizzled down on the milling mob, the police—their white truncheons flailing against the spike-studded clubs of the demonstrators—charged one particularly firm knot of demonstrators and swept them off to the station house. There, smarting from their wounds, the police, true to the code of vengeance that rules every station house in the world, proceeded to beat the most conspicuous troublemakers to a pulp in retaliation for the two hundred cops who had been wounded and the twenty-three who had been hospitalized.

Such a roughhouse would have passed unnoticed in the violence of the day's events had it not, during the next week, set off a controversy in which the Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Feltin, was ranged against the Prefect of Paris Police, M. Baylot. For two of the rioters beaten by the police were priests of the Catholic Church—Fathers Louis Bouyer and Bernard Cagne. Dressed in the rough working clothes of Paris's toiling citizens and thus stripped of the protection of the cloth, they had been beaten along with the Communists they accompanied. Furthermore, Paris learned, the priests had been practicing no deception in casting off frock for working clothes and had been trapped by no accident. They had rioted with the Communists against the police. Furthermore, the Church, instead of repudiating them, was defending them.

To morning newspaper readers, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, the report brought surprise and consternation. If, however, they had been alert to the slow but profound ferment simmering in the bosom of the oldest of churches, the report would have brought neither surprise nor consternation but a quiver of recognition. They would have known that the arrested priests were true priests, not Communists, submissive not to the party but to the discipline of the Church, which had given them a mission that ultimately had ranged them against the authority of the state by the side of the Church's worst enemy.

What were they doing there?

The answer is not to be found in a minute analysis of the events of that day, nor of the individual decisions of the two priests. The answer is to be found only in tracing the vast restlessness of faith which today has touched every Catholic land in Europe, not even excepting Spain, and has reached its most vivid expression in France, the traditional center of Catholic ferment.

The Paris Mission

The two priests—who were released the morning after their arrest—were members of the Mission de Paris, whose headquarters are on a hushed street behind a leafy cemetery on the slope of Montmartre. The quiet, gray upstairs offices of the Mission de Paris do not seem like the headquarters of a movement with revolutionary implications; but there, with the cold precision of laboratory analysts, the spokesmen of the mission will tell not only how the two priests came to participate in a political riot, but also why, in the deep tide of change in French souls, it was necessary for them to be there.

They start by telling of the slow decline of the authority of the Church in France all through the last century, describing how, by the turn of the century, it had been rejected and repudiated in a country ninety-five per cent of whose citizens had been brought up as nominally Catholic. By opposing, at every step, each of France's fumbling efforts toward republican liberty, the Church had gradually lost the trust of a vast majority of middle-class French citizens who loved and supported their republic. What had happened to the Church among the working class was even worse. The Industrial Revolution had drawn peasant Frenchmen away from their villages, and from the village curés, to the ugly slums of the new industrial centers where they worked in a savagery of twelve-hour days and seven-day weeks, living a life not so much hostile to the Church as absolutely divorced from it. In the vacuum of the workers' dreary bitterness, the faith of Marxist revolution had replaced the faith of Catholicism.

Whither Thou Goest . . .

The Mission de Paris itself was not founded until the recent Liberation. Its inspiration came from an obscure chaplain, the Abbé Godin, whose experience in organizing Catholic working-class groups had convinced him that French workers should be appealed to not as if they were strayed sinners but but as if they were pagans who had

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never heard of the Church. In 1944 he persuaded the Diocese of Paris to open a new mission whose sole purpose was to re-establish the Church in the slums. Today the mission counts twenty-odd priests who are at once priests, missionaries, and workers. They wear no frocks, for in certain parts of Paris the frock is hated; they work in factories on the regular eight-to-four shifts of Paris workmen. They wear overalls and working blues and live on their earnings. They dwell wherever they can rent a room in the slums, as other bachelor workers do. Only one thing sets them apart from the others—at night, when they come home, they don their vestments and offer Mass in their rooms in the presence of any fellow workers who wish to attend.

'Neither for Nor Against'

They join the dominant union in their plants—usually the Communist-controlled CGT. They do so not because they are for or against the Communists, but because whatever the experience of any worker may be—in hunger, in unemployment, in sickness, in strike, or even in riot—they must be part of it. When the Communists called for a demonstration against Ridgway, the two priests went with them—neither for nor against Ridgway, says the mission, but simply because the men they worked with at their automobile plants were going. Their presence was commanded by a strategy which has a longer range than Communist tactics. The strategy is to convince the workers that wherever they struggle, the Church is there too.

The adventure of the mission in Paris's industrial agglomeration is duplicated by 420 other worker-missionary-priests in other parts of France. Specially trained at a seminary in Lisieux for assignment to the "pagan" strata of French life, they have gone out to all of France's major industrial Departments. They fish with the fishermen on the Channel coast; they hack coal in dark mines of the Nord; stripped to the waist and bronzed by the sun, they unload cargo as stevedores at the Marseilles wharves among the Senegalese, Algerians, and Italian immigrants whom the Communists now dominate.

Faith in Action

It is a hard, lonesome life—toil by day and devotions by night. Occasionally the Church fathers worry about their young priests, isolated from monastery or parish, hungry for human warmth and affection in the squalor all about them. Boarding in family homes, as some of them do, or drinking in the evening at cafés with other men, they are exposed to temptations that test them severely. One of the worker-priests, indeed, has recently married and left the Church—but continues to spread the gospel and faith among the workers in his own way.

The worker-priests have no politics. They have no blueprints of the Christian City to come. Their sole purpose is to win back souls to the sacraments in an adventure that, as the Mission de Paris says, will take fifty years before a first judgment can be made. Yet their work, whether the Church fathers recognize it or not, would lead to no larger a change than the opening of a few more churches in a country already equipped with hundreds of empty ones unless it were framed and sustained by a broader movement rising from the same restlessness of faith that has inspired their work.

This movement and this restlessness, for want of a better term, is called the Rise of the Catholic Left. The phrase is an artificial one, for the Catholic Left is a twofold minority—a leftist minority among Catholics and a Catholic minority among the Left. Yet in its persistence since the war, by its vigor, by its impact upon the groping minds of Europe in disillusion, the Catholic Left has now become one of the most important elements in European politics.

It is difficult to give a coherent account of what the Catholic Left is, for it is not an organized movement. In every country of western Europe except Spain, it shows the same clinical signs—a faction of left-wingers organized in a larger Catholic political party; millions of Catholic trade-unionists organized in Christian trade unions or led by acknowledged Catholics in secular trade unions; study groups of intellectuals weaving new theories; small groups of activists trying to press theory swiftly into practice.

In an age of disillusion, when to millions Marxism has become arid and the old political attitudes of Christianity and nineteenth-century liberalism no longer bring hope, the Catholic Left is trying to combine what best it can salvage in Christian doctrine and tradition and blend it with what best it can discern in newer urgencies of reform and justice. It is set apart from previous Catholic experiences in politics in Europe by one great binding dynamic: Whereas Catholic movements have usually sought to brace and buttress authority brought down from the past, the Catholic Left seeks to change, to alter, to reweave the whole social fabric of Europe today.

Fighting Fascism

The morphology of the Catholic Left is seen best in France, for it is there that the Church in this century has been most rejected and thus compelled, by the repudiation, to forge new ideas.

The historians of the French Catholic Left rightfully, of course, trace their roots far back into the past—as far back as the Gospels themselves, with their revolutionary content and their compassion for the poor. In more modern times, their story begins immediately after the turn of the century. It was then, in a France that prided itself on being republican and anti-clerical,

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that a handful of chaplains began to organize small groups among the few workers who wished to remain Christian but believed in trade-unionism. It was then also that a few Catholic intellectuals began to sketch the outlines of a doctrine that would accept republicanism and imbue it with Christian faith.

The movement grew slowly. Not until after the First World War, indeed, did the Church send forth chaplains to organize a nation-wide net of Catholic workers youth groups, the Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne. For the first time Catholic thinkers began to reach out politically and affect masses of agnostic Frenchmen. Some, like Jacques Maritain and Emmanuel Mounier, tried to work out a new philosophy marrying democracy inseparably to Christianity. Others, like Georges Bidault—who was to become Foreign Minister and Prime Minister of France after the Second World War—focused sharply on current events. *L'Aube,* Bidault's paper, insisted, as a Catholic journal, that the Spanish Republic was not the enemy and Franco not the friend of the Church.

Emergence of the M.R.P.

The little groups that formed and dissolved on this questioning fringe of the faith were, however, almost without importance in French life until the war brought defeat and the defeat brought the Resistance. For over a year, from the collapse of France until Hitler's attack on Russia, the Catholic Leftists were the best organized and most vigorous force in the Resistance. Their underground journals—like *Témoignage Chrétien*—their youth organizations, their intellectuals' study groups, their skeleton national structure of Catholic trade unions were able, in the underground, to channel behind their leadership all manner of fresh spirits and patriots who had previously been hostile or apathetic to anything tinged with Catholicism. When, belatedly, in 1941, Hitler's attack on Russia brought the Communists into the Resistance too, the Communists tried but were never able to erase the lead or wipe out the positions the Catholic Left had already established. When, in 1943, the underground Council of National Resistance chose a new chief to replace the one the Gestapo had just captured, it chose Georges Bidault—a member of the Catholic Left.

The prominence of so many individual devout Catholics in the Resistance saved the Church in France. For Marshal Pétain, the senile dictator of Vichy, had so wrapped himself in the sanctity of the Church and had received such fervid support from so many imposing members of the hierarchy that the entire Church might have been stained with his record had it not been for the prodigious heroism and courage of the Catholics of the underground. When Liberation came, these Catholics of the underground had a new party called the M.R.P. (Mouvement Républicain Populaire) already prepared for the people of France, one unlike any they had known before. It was consecrated to a vast program of social reform midway between New Dealism and pure socialism, yet devoutly Catholic in spirit and purpose.

The Catholic Unions

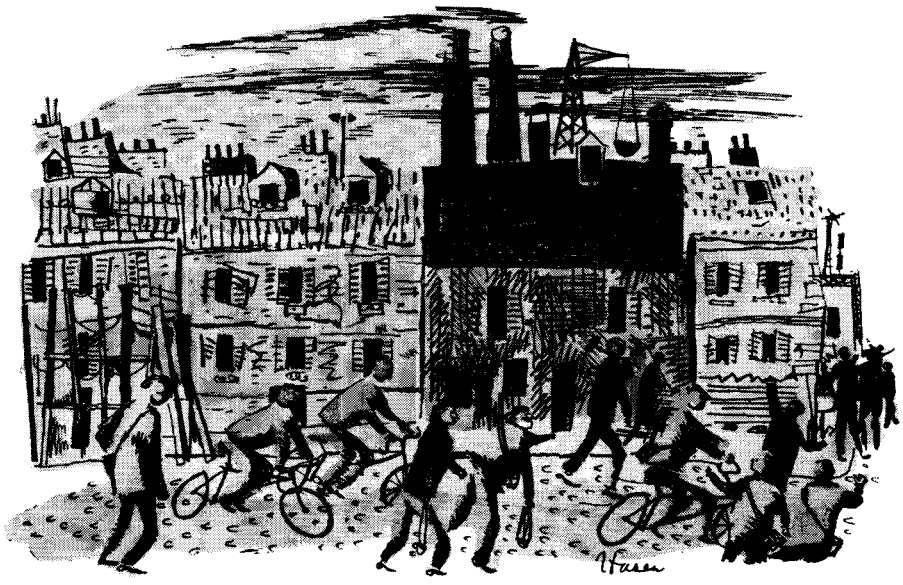
The support of the Church and its influence over the millions of woman voters enfranchised for the first time after the Liberation combined with the M.R.P.'s own fine record of achievement to make it the largest party in France. If today the M.R.P. has lost this primacy as millions of Catholic voters have returned to more traditional parties of the Right, it remains still the main prop of the present Cabinet coalition, the equal of any of the other five big parties in the Assembly, and it controls the Ministry of Foreign Affairs as it has ever since the war.

Just as the M.R.P. emerged from the war as the chief rival of the Communists for the new and questioning voters of liberated France, the CFTC (Confédération Française des Travailleurs Chrétiens) emerged as the chief rival of the Communist-controlled CGT at the organized working-class level. What had been a skeleton national organization before the war had been fleshed out in the Resistance.

Like all trade-union groups in France, the CFTC has since lost strength in the slow erosion of working-class vitality since the war. But whereas the Communist CGT has fallen from an estimated six million adherents to an estimated two million, the Catholic unions have fallen from two million to one million. They hold their ground more firmly than the Communists, and in recent months have even been gaining in union elections.

The leftism of both the CFTC and the M.R.P., the chief creations of the wartime Catholic Left, has now been diluted by years of responsibility and power. The M.R.P. has seen much of its program written into the law of the land: A segment of industry has been nationalized, and the vast social-security system it demanded has been enacted. Its main unfinished business, which it still pursues with vigor, is the restoration of state subsidies to Catholic schools and the creation of a European union into which France will fit.

The leaders of the CFTC have likewise been tempered by the years; today they operate more like American trade-unionists than any other union leaders



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in France. They dig in and fight on bread-and-butter issues, pressuring the Deputies of the M.R.P. (whom they support) not for revolution but for higher wages and lower prices, more housing and paid vacations. The Church has lost its grip over the CFTC. Though its younger leaders still come from the Church-directed Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne, they become in the CFTC as pragmatic as any other union leaders. If, in a local strike, the local priest sides with the boss, the CFTC will haul off and let him have it just as hard as any godless union would.

If the CFTC and the M.R.P. have thus settled down, it is not that the tug and moving rhythm of the movement to the Left has quieted. Within the M.R.P. a left-wing faction of at least fifteen to twenty Deputies is still fervid with the vision of the Christian-socialist France they hoped to build; they force the M.R.P. to remain the farthest left of the Cabinet elements within the working coalition of M. Pinay. Within the CFTC, another factional group of thinkers, publishing a magazine called *Reconstruction,* still keeps a doctrinal ferment simmering.

Rubbing Shoulders

Some of the newer postwar groups go so far left as to rub shoulders with the Communists. Such a one is the M.L.P.—Mouvement de Libération des Peuples. The M.L.P. is staffed and led by graduates of the Church's own Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne, but it has gradually thrown off all Church control. Shortly after the war its members began as simple humanists to cultivate those areas of homely, stagnant misery that Socialist and Communist politicians had overlooked.

In the slums of factory districts they organized co-operatives of working-class girls and wives to provide nursing and housekeeping help for tired mothers who fell sick and could not care for home and children. They organized and now operate more than forty co-operative vacation camps in the mountains and by the shore for working-class families who cannot afford expensive holidays. Their members have formed co-operatives to buy and market potatoes and coal for families who want to shave a few francs off the necessities. Their weekly newspaper has a circulation of fifty thousand copies.

A certain naïveté, however, has led them, bit by bit, to comradeship with the Communists. Insisting politically on more money for social reforms and aid to the poor of France's shabby cities, they first began to oppose all appropriations for the war in Indo-China, then all defense expenditures. Next they fell into step with the Communists, chanting the clichés of the Stockholm "Peace" Appeal and the canards of American aggression and bacteriological warfare in Korea. In their bare and primitive little headquarters on the Left Bank they shed an equal amount of the same pure enthusiasm on visiting the sick and helping mothers and children as on denouncing their own government and that of the United States.

The Catholic Parties

The renascence of Catholism in politics in Europe is, of course, a phenomenon that transcends terms of Right and Left. No working observer in Europe can overlook the fact that the governments of every one of America's allies on the continent of Europe has chosen its Foreign Minister, and usually its Prime Minister too, from frankly religious parties of Catholic inspiration. Only the Netherlands, where in this summer's election the Catholic Party lost control of the government to the Socialists, is currently an exception to this rule. No American statesman can be ignorant of the fact that the strongest working ally of American diplomacy on the continent is the Catholic urge to European union. When Robert Schuman of France, Konrad Adenauer of Germany, and Alcide De Gasperi of Italy gather to write treaties and discuss the future, they act instinctively out of a common religious inspiration that sees Europe reunited in a common faith and culture as it was before the days of the Reformation and the rise of nationalism.

But if these conservative Catholic spokesmen seem more supple, more enlightened, more socially conscious than their counterparts of other centuries, it is because each of them depends, in larger or smaller measure, on support from groups that only ten years ago were bitterly hostile to the Church—support mobilized for them by the Catholic Left.

In Italy, as in France, the most vigorous opposition to the Communist trade-union net is the Catholic trade-union net, the CISL; in Italy, too, the factional left-wingers within the dominant Christian Democrats keep the party's preponderant conservative majority from slipping too violently to the right. In Belgium, the Catholic trade unions oppose the dominant Socialist trade unions, and there too the Church is experimenting with worker-missionaries. In Germany, pressure exercised on the Government by the Catholic Left is no less constant than in France, but it is less strong and lacks the flair of France's movement. This is partly because of Germany's Protestant-Catholic cleavage, and partly because Germany's war had no Resistance movement and Left Catholics have no such rallying experience to pull them together. *Mitbestimmungsrecht,* the chief social reform of postwar Germany, the code whereby German workers are given a share in the control of their plants, was of Catholic

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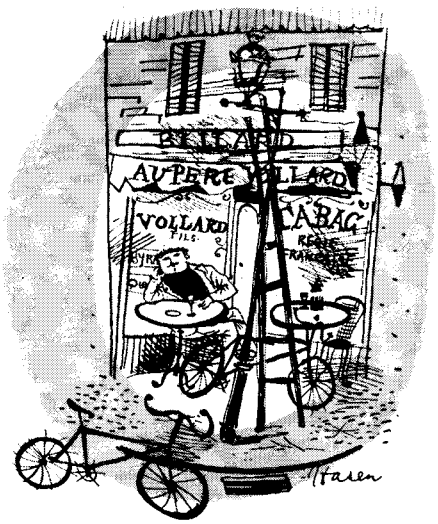

inspiration and guidance, although adopted and claimed by the Socialists as their victory.

The Intellectuals

Even more than the working class and the politicians, the intellectuals of Europe are hungry for new ideas. Thus the most important magazine of opinion in Germany—the *Frankfurter Hefte*—is the citadel of the Catholic Left. And of France's two most influential monthlies of opinion, one is Jean-Paul Sartre's rationalist *Temps Modernes,* but the other is the profoundly Christian *Esprit.*

Esprit and the *Frankfurter Hefte* are more than magazines. They are springboards for study and discussion groups all across their countries. The *Frankfurter Hefte,* whose monthly circulation is the largest in all West Germany, boasts of at least 464 *Kreise* independently organized by the readers of the magazine. *Esprit* offers no count of the numbers of *cercles* which are organized by its subscribers, but they exist and are active in every university town and intellectual center of France.

For *Esprit* and its readers, the evil in modern civilization is money. Money and the measures of money, they feel, have resulted in that type of capitalism and bourgeois civilization which in France had reduced the worker to primitive savagery and paralyzed the middle class with hopeless cynicism. History is only an advance of men to the understanding of Christ, and men shackled by the measures of money cannot know Christ. The new society, the true Christian society, must have other measures and values.

In a recent issue of *Esprit* is a leading article by Professor Henri Bartoli of the University of Grenoble, one of the leading luminaries in the constellation of *Esprit.* Bartoli finds the civilization of the Soviet Union a higher one than that of the United States, for the Soviets have freed men from the reign of money. Where the Soviets go wrong, he holds, is that for the reign of money they have substituted the reign of the technician with its inevitable tendency to edge off into police rule. The error in Soviet society springs from its Marxist philosophy, which sees all men related to one another only as they are related to the process of production; this rigid status strips men of the "mystery of personality." Though the Soviet world, according to Bartoli, has freed men of the grip of money measures, it has not given them the Christian freedoms.

The doctrines of the *Frankfurter Hefte* are much more pragmatic, less "advanced" in the theoretical sense, more closely linked to practical issues of the day than those of *Esprit.* Consequently they exert a greater influence in German trade unions, over the German radio, through radio commentators and columnists, in the main stream of German life, than those of *Esprit* do in France. For the *Frankfurter Hefte* the abstract evil is not money but what it chooses to call the Restoration.

The Restoration is the old order of authority and relationships in pre-Hitler Germany, and the *Frankfurter Hefte* sees Konrad Adenauer and the Allied occupation swiftly pressing Germany back into the old authoritarian molds. The Geman Catholic Left attack on the Restoration is more practical, more specific than the French Catholic-Left attack on the evils of French civilization. The first draft law of *Mitbestimmungsrecht* was written in the offices of the *Frankfurter Hefte.* Its men have plugged for European union as the vessel of their revolution more fervently and more persistently than the men of *Esprit.* Though more friendly to American civilization than *Esprit,* the *Frankfurter Hefte* also questions U.S. policies. For example, it does not wish to see Germany rearmed. It would prefer to make Germany part of the neutral belt of Central Europe that runs from Sweden to Switzerland, while merging socially and culturally with other countries of the West.

It is thus a quest in common for new answers rather than a common doctrine that pulls the men of *Esprit,* the men of the *Frankfurter Hefte,* and Catholic Left intellectuals everywhere in western Europe together. All of them feel that Europe's old ideas are no longer valid in the twentieth century—neither Marxist ideas, liberal ideas, nor dogma. Somewhere in the future, they say, is a point where that which is valid in Christianity meets and shapes again the marching forces of the twentieth century.

The Church Militant

What the Church fathers think of this rustling in the cathedral is difficult to discern. Rome has been very cautious in imposing discipline within the national churches or within those orders, like the Dominicans in France or the Jesuits in Germany, which seem most affected intellectually by the ferment of their lay brethren. The French Church, protected by its tradition of Gallican autonomy, seems the most benevolent of the churches to the new movement and its spokesmen, but even in Germany the bishops seem unwilling to check or cramp its development.

Perplexed themselves, the spokesmen of the Catholic Left know that they perplex their Church even more. "Rome doesn't know what to make of us," one of them told me. "Rome believes it lives in an age of persecution, and so it is on the defensive; everywhere it is rigid and unyielding before the changes. But we—we believe the Christian must go out and meet the changes, and possess them. Today it is we who are the Church Militant, not Rome."

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The Golden Apples Of Joseph Stalin

HOWARD WHIDDEN

If you talk privately with John J. McCloy about Soviet tactics in the East-West struggle for Germany, the retiring U.S. High Commissioner is likely to tell you this Greek legend:

King Iasus had a beautiful daughter named Atalanta, who was very fleet of foot. When the King wanted Atalanta to marry, she insisted that to win her hand a suitor must first outrun her in a foot race. Many a suitor tried but failed. Then Hippomenes came along. In his race with Atalanta he carried in his hand three golden apples which had been given to him by Aphrodite. During the race he dropped the golden apples one by one. They were so beautiful that Atalanta stopped to pick them up. Hippomenes won the race, and Atalanta's hand.

Stalin may well have planned to use the golden-apple technique, according to McCloy, in an attempt to win West Germany away from the Atlantic community.

There can be no doubt that in this contest the Russian dictator possesses three golden apples. He is in a position to offer unification of East and West Germany, trade with the Soviet bloc, and restoration of the "lost lands" ceded to Poland.

In the foreseeable future there is little chance that the Russians will drop the third of their golden apples, for that might well break their hold on the Poles. But the Russians can be sure that by making genuine proposals for German unity and for German trade with the East they could make a powerful appeal in West Germany—so powerful that they might well bring West German integration with the Atlantic alliance to a halt.

The Russians may not go that far, of course. It is clear from the proposal for Big Four talks on Germany which Moscow made August 23 that the Russians still hope to stymie the West without offering Germany real unity.

But even so, it is inevitable that as the Germans of the Bonn Republic get back their sovereignty this fall they will be subjected to the conflicting pulls that East and West have always exerted on Germany. Geographical location has always been a basic element in this tug of war. However, in the next few years economic factors could count for as much or more.

Export or Perish

One has to spend only a few weeks in Germany to realize how preoccupied German businessmen are with the export problem and how interested they are in the idea of getting back their markets in the East. Many a businessman in West Germany felt a pang of envy when word came back from the much-touted April trade conference in Moscow that British exporters were signing juicy contracts there. Even if these deals never come to anything, as seems likely, they will have had their propaganda value for Russia.

Foreign trade is an absolute necessity for the Bonn Republic. For one thing, the area is even more dependent on imports of food and raw materials than prewar Germany was. Much of the grain that used to be supplied to the western part of the country by Pomerania and East Prussia now has to be brought from the Western Hemisphere.

There is another reason why West Germany has to export. The structure of its industry is virtually the same as prewar Germany's, with a heavy concentration on metalworking industries. There is the same relatively low wage scale and the same lack of mass consumption. From the employment angle, a huge reconstruction program might be as effective as export. But the money for such a program just isn't in sight, unless one envisages a sharp shift away from the present free-economy policy to centralized controls and much higher taxes.

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Recent economic developments in West Germany have made manufacturers and traders especially conscious of the export problem. Over-all industrial production seems to have reached some sort of plateau late last year, and exports have leveled off.

Last year's sales abroad were seventy-five per cent above 1950's. That success led top government officials in Bonn to predict early this year that West Germany's foreign sales would rise by a further twenty-five per cent in 1952. But West German industrialists and traders thought then, and still think, that they will do well if they hold their own this year in world export markets.

German trade reports for the first six months of the year suggest that the industrialists will prove to be right. The monthly export average for January through June was slightly above the monthly average for the whole of 1951, but no better than the average for the second half of last year. Exports of chemicals have been especially hard hit. In April they were about forty per cent below the high of June, 1951.

Those 'Lost Markets'

With exports slowed down this way, West German businessmen have begun to wonder what's ahead. They talk gloomily about finding adequate markets in the western world, and wistfully of their lost markets to the east. Often enough this may be a form of blackmail—a warning to Americans that it is our job to open up a western market for the Germans, or else.

But the problem is real. Take chemicals, for example. Before the Second World War, the Germans did thirty per cent of the world's export business in chemicals. They supplied about half of all the chemicals imported by the Soviet Union and its present satellites. Today Germany sells very little behind the Iron Curtain, and its share of world chemical exports has dropped to only eight per cent.

The case of Hamburg, Germany's biggest port and trading center, is just as striking. Today the port is operating at only fifty per cent of the prewar level. That is largely because business with Hamburg's hinterland in East Germany and the satellites has become a mere trickle.

Still, there is no doubt that many Germans are indulging in wishful thinking when they talk of regaining their prewar markets to the east. There may be a big eastern market waiting for the Germans today, but if so it is a new one. You can see that merely by examining Germany's prewar trade with the countries that now constitute the Soviet bloc in Europe—the U.S.S.R., Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria.

Germany's exports to this area were made up almost entirely of chemicals, iron and steel products, and machinery. Its imports from this area were composed largely of grain, meat, timber, and oil.

Today there is not much basis for

this kind of two-way trade, especially with the satellite countries. Collectivization has pretty well removed any agricultural surpluses, and the satellites are now sufficiently industrialized to produce most of the steel products and capital goods they formerly bought from Germany.

Trade with the West

If the political advantages looked big enough, Russia itself could supply wheat and timber to Germany. And Russia could use German machine tools and machinery. But West Germany would be dealing with a Moscow-controlled trading system, and would not be able to dictate its terms as it did with eastern Europe in the middle and late 1930's.

Contrast this prospect with the substantial and relatively uncontrolled export trade West Germany has built up with the western world. Last year Bonn's exports rose to $3.5 billion, a level that two years earlier German economists had not thought possible until 1955. The most spectacular gains were made in the Latin-American market, where exports rose four hundred per cent. Sales to members of the European Payments Union (including the sterling area) climbed sixty per cent, and German goods began to make headway in the Middle East, Pakistan, and India. At last year's level, total exports fell short of total imports by only about $35 million, and this year Bonn has been running a surplus in its merchandise trade.

West Germany, of course, hasn't been able to balance its trade with the United States or the dollar area as a whole, mainly because it is so dependent on the Western Hemisphere for wheat, cotton, tobacco, etc. For example, last year the Germans sold $236 million worth of goods to the United States but bought $648 million worth.

There is no chance that West Germany can close this gap in the next few years by direct trade with the United States or by earning enough dollars in third markets, as Germany once did through London, to cover its dollar deficit. For that reason West German industrialists will tell you they need $500 million a year in U.S. purchases for the NATO forces.

U.S. officials do not believe that Bonn requires "offshore" purchases on that scale to keep its dollar accounts balanced. In fiscal 1952-1953 they expect Bonn to receive about $100 million in direct economic aid and to pick up at least $200 million from the expenditures of U.S. troops stationed in Germany. (This would include purchases by U.S. Army post exchanges.) On top of that, there is likely to be something less than $100 million accruing to Bonn from offshore procurement. From these sources, plus dollar sales, there should be enough to cover essential dollar import needs.

One can sum up the dollar situation this way: If the U.S. economy continues to operate at a high level and the Mutual Security Program remains intact, Bonn should not get into really

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serious dollar troubles. In short, it is hardly likely that the dollar problem will force West Germany into a deal with Russia for eastern markets.

As for nondollar trade, West Germany can probably push up its sales considerably in the Middle East, Southeast Asia, and Latin America—assuming that the United States maintains its buying from these areas and also helps speed their economic development with Point Four help and a regular flow of investment capital.

In the end, though, the west European market may be the decisive one for German exporters. West Germany already is selling well over half its exports to neighboring countries. If the Schuman Plan goes into operation according to schedule, and is followed by a European union, Bonn will be sure of a stable and probably expanding market. In an era when almost any of the world's markets can be restricted at a moment's notice, a large "domestic" market in western Europe would be a godsend to Germany.

So long as West Germany has reasonable assurance that this is its trading prospect with the West, a Soviet offer of eastern markets will hardly have any serious influence on Bonn's foreign policy. The industrialists who back Adenauer's Government, and who would retain a powerful influence even if the Social Democrats came to power, are realists if nothing else.

The Risks of Unity

If one thinks in terms of a unified Germany, the problem becomes altogether different. Suppose that Stalin should decide to push unification and were prepared to make the necessary political sacrifices in East Germany. Then the economic pull from the East might be so strong as to become a decisive factor in German foreign policy. It might prove impossible for the United States to bring a united Germany into the western alliance.

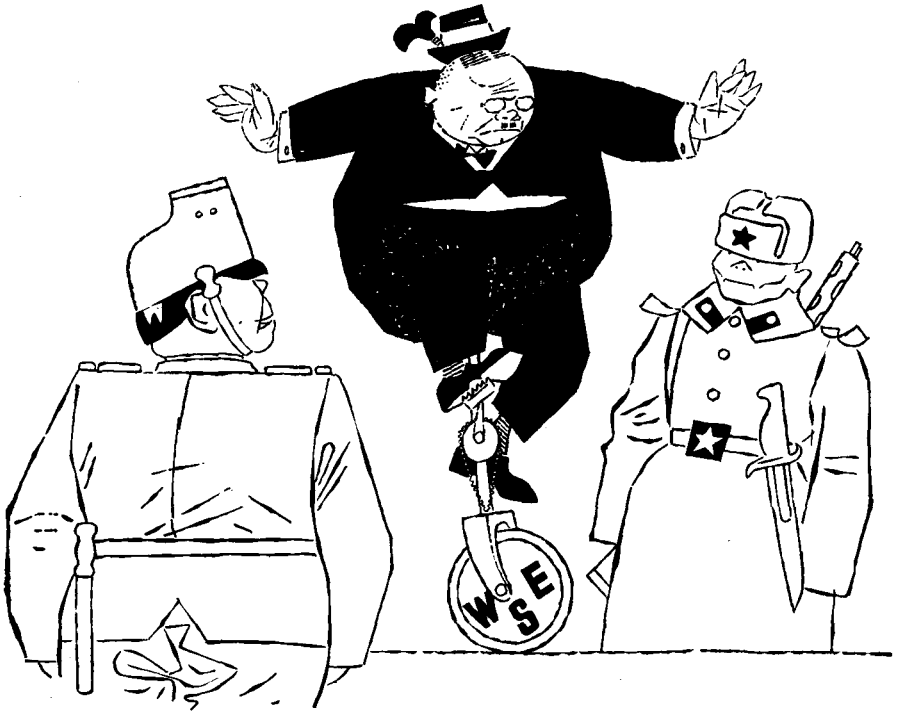
Unification would be a real gamble for Stalin, of course. But he would have some definite advantages over the West in playing this game. He would have economic control over the markets to which the whole of East Germany's economy is now directed. In other words, he would be at the right point in the race to drop his second golden apple—trade.

For Bonn, the job of incorporating the East German economy would be staggering. The economic changes in the Soviet Zone have been even greater than the political changes.

Industry in the Soviet Zone has been geared to the needs of the U.S.S.R. and its satellites. The metalworking industry of Saxony, which used to ship much of its output westward, has been restored to prewar size. The electrical-equipment and electronics industries around Berlin have been largely rebuilt. The chemical industry, once integrated with that of West Germany, has been expanded. Four new steel plants have been built. Smelting and refining of metals, automobile production, and shipbuilding have all been expanded in the interests of the Russian war machine. These developments have been imposed on top of the eastward shift of German industry that Hitler carried out during the war, to make it less vulnerable to U.S.-British bombing.

Meanwhile, West Germany has been trying to make good the industry that has been lost to the Communists. Production of electrical equiment has been expanded. Chemicals formerly produced in eastern Germany and then shipped west, often for further processing, are now being made in the Bonn Republic. A new textile industry, partly duplicating that in Saxony, has grown up. Add it all up, and you have an industrial complex in East Germany that is no longer complementary to West Germany's, as it was before the war. The same is true of the entire satellite area, of course, but the economic division of Germany is especially far advanced. To reverse the process today would be a hazardous political and economic venture.

No doubt some of the additional capacity created by the Communists, which is now used for the benefit of the Soviet bloc, could find an outlet in West Germany. But if the eastern market were taken away entirely, then putting the halves together would involve West Germany in a huge investment program for the benefit of the East and in the kind of central economic controls that would be hard for Ruhr industrialists to swallow. Such a program would be necessary even though living standards in the Soviet Zone have been rising fast enough recently to narrow the gap between the two sides of the Iron Curtain.



Paying the Piper

A unified Germany would need eastern markets to replace present or expected outlets in the western world. It would probably lose some of the trading advantages the Bonn Republic can look forward to in western Europe. It is doubtful, for example, that a united Germany would be accepted into a west European economic union. France is so fearful of a resurgence of German industrial power that it barely

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has the courage as matters now stand to go ahead with plans for an economic marriage with the West German Republic.

Unification would almost certainly aggravate Germany's dollar problem. The United States would hardly make offshore purchases in the Ruhr during the uncertain period when a united Germany was coming into being. That would be strengthening the military potential of the Ruhr without being sure that this area would be harnessed to the West.

Chasing Dollars

To get a united Germany firmly tied to the West, more dollar aid rather than less would be needed. Otherwise,

it is hard to see how living standards could be raised in East Germany and the two economies merged. On top of that, as the *Economist* recently observed, the United States might have to adopt measures "to enable Germany to sell more extensively in dollar markets or to secure necessary dollars by other means."

In the absence of such U.S. moves, the attraction of Russia—which is able, if it wants, to provide Germany with wheat and markets—could become irresistible.

That's asking a lot of us. A long-term economic strategy that has to provide for the needs of a unified Germany might strain American ingenuity as well as the taxpayers' patience. Still, it is time our policymakers began to take the measure of the problem. For Stalin may already be planning to toss two of his golden apples, unity and trade, in a final effort to win the prize he most covets.

Radio Free Europe—Behind the Beam of Truth

JOHN LINEHAN

MUNICH RADIO FREE EUROPE'S new two-story stucco headquarters in a far corner of Munich's vast English Gardens was noisy with occasional blasts of music from its studios and the steady tap of hammers in the hands of builders at the back. A young Yale man, formerly a CBS producer, waited while a receptionist in the lobby issued me a white pass and returned my passport.

"There has to be some precaution about letting people in," the Yale man apologized, as we walked past the guard into the inner corridor. "The Soviets have been very nasty about Radio Free Europe and have threatened our German staff, for example, with eventual hanging. So it's simpler for you to come in with me. Come up to my office, and while we're talking I'll have some biographies sent up of some of the top-notch people we have working here. The cream of the satellite exiles.

"There's a great advantage in having headquarters here," he continued. "The most recent refugees give us fresh information which we can broadcast immediately. They often even find places on the staff, too. In New York we'd be out of touch with the news.

"Our aims," the Yale man went on, "are to show the satellite people that the basic world struggle is between freedom and tyranny, to undermine the Soviet and native Communist influence and power, and to stimulate the people to want freedom. But Radio Free Europe is more, much more, than that. We give the news objectively, including their own news. We entertain. We instruct. We show what's wrong with the present régime, giving examples. We try to look out for the workers' interests by shaming their bosses into being less inhumane. We give the people a morale boost by showing that someone outside is thinking of them. But perhaps most important of all, R.F.E. provides the people out there with the link to Europe they long for and which they've lost. They're Europeans, and they don't like being cut off."

R.F.E. transmissions, the producer told me, were inaugurated on July 4, 1950, from Biblis, near Frankfurt, over R.F.E.'s first transmitter, with eight hours a day to the six satellites. This has since expanded drastically until daily broadcasts to Czechoslovakia (in Czech and in Slovak) go on continuously from 5 A.M. to 1 A.M. Hungary is on from 6 A.M. to 3 P.M. and from 5 P.M. to midnight. Since May 3, 1952, programs to Poland have been stepped up to ten hours a day. At present Romania, Bulgaria, and Albania are limited to three hours a day.

Radio Free Europe was founded by General Lucius Clay's Crusade for Freedom and has been endorsed by President Truman, General Eisenhower, and other notables. The Crusade concerns itself with collecting funds for Radio Free Europe.

R.F.E. has six separate stations, one for each satellite. The staff in Munich includes six hundred Germans, most of them technicians; one hundred American producers, supervisors, directors, and secretaries; one hundred Hungarians; one hundred Czechs and

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Slovaks; sixty-five Poles; and a handful of assorted Balkans.

I asked the producer if people behind the Iron Curtain were in danger if they listened to R.F.E. and what steps the authorities had taken to discourage tuning in.

"That's a peculiar thing," he said. "The Soviets and native Communist leaders are pretty helpless to prevent it. Since they are still trying to convince the people of their wisdom, they can't forbid listening without thereby admitting that what they say is untrue or illogical. If radios are tuned in low there's no way for them to check up, and if radios are taken away the Communists cut off one approach of their own ideas. They can't jam us completely, either, because officials have to listen to what we say to find out how much we know.

"When they jam one of our wave bands all their delicate equipment has been engineered to concentrate on it, and we are geared so that we can shift bands in the middle of a program and tell the people to make the switch to find us. We could use more transmitters, but the ones we have are strong. Our Czech frequency, in fact, is so close to Radio Prague itself that we can often be heard interfering in the background.

"This jamming question reminds me of our first broadcasts, when for three agonizing weeks there was no reaction, only dead silence. Not a whisper. It was terribly depressing and discouraging. Then everything happened at once. The Czech government protested to the State Department, which replied that it was against its policy to inhibit freedom of speech. Then they threatened the German staff, as I told you before. But best of all, they turned all their jamming equipment against us. This allowed the Voice of America to come through clearly for the first time in years."

A beautiful black-haired girl came in to tell the producer that he was needed in Studio 9.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," said the producer, excusing himself. "This is Miss Tinac, a writer in the Czech desk. Maybe she'll talk to you if you like."

"I'd like nothing better," I said. Miss Tinac, aged twenty-four, had had a crowded life. Having done a stint with the BBC just after the war, she returned to Czechoslovakia in 1948 and remained until her friends, one by one, were led off to uranium mines and the police began dogging her. She escaped early in 1950.

Miss Tinac said that the escape had cost her 10,000 koruny (about $200) and that she had arrived in West Ger-

many penniless. Finally, through Dr. Tigrid, the chief of R.F.E.'s Czech desk whom she knew indirectly through friends in London, she came to work for Radio Free Europe.

The producer returned and Miss Tinac went back to work at her desk.

"Would you like to see some of the studios?" He pushed open a door marked Studio 9 with a lighted sign above it saying ON THE AIR—DO NOT ENTER.

"This is when the fun begins," said the producer, pointing at the clock. It was twenty seconds before ten. When the second hand reached twelve, a central European melody blared forth.

"Hear that? It's an old Czech song. I don't know the exact words, but it means 'the dawn is breaking, the night is coming to an end.' One of our little touches. We have dozens of appropriate musical themes." He pointed to a thick window, behind which was a table where three adults and a little boy sat around a microphone.

"The man next to the kid was a flier you perhaps read about when he took a plane out of Prague and landed it in West Germany. He's not the best of actors but he's a fine guy. Most of the exiles doing skits here have been in the theater at home."

I went from there to see Count Gyula Dessewffy, who heads the Hungarian desk. His biography described him as an intellectual, politician, journalist, a Resistance leader, and a former representative of the Smallholders' Party in the Hungarian Parliament. His newspaper, according to Marshal Voroshilov, "adopted a too friendly attitude toward the western powers . . . and [contained] insufficient criticism of Cardinal Mindszenty." Although under surveillance, he escaped in June, 1947, with himself, his wife, and semi-chloroformed dog crammed in separate packing cases, and made his way to France.

"It is a grave error to believe that Communist propaganda is superficial or easy to refute," the Count said. "The Soviets plunge into deep explanations of each phase of history, emphasizing the phases which can do themselves the most good. But they can be refuted, particularly when they argue that the culture of the Hungarian people springs from Moscow, the mother of all Slavs. For a thousand years all Hungarians, including the peasants, have been accustomed to the idea that they are Europeans. To them Russia is primitive, almost barbaric, backward enough to pull them down to the Russian level. Roman Catholicism, also, is rooted more deeply in these countries than anywhere else in the world and the Communists can't blast it out."

Fables for the Kids

I asked Dessewffy what Radio Free Europe was doing to keep the children from becoming indoctrinated.

"Ah, the youth. I was just coming to that. The youth are the most important people in Hungary. We have programs for mothers which include not only practical advice—new cooking recipes, methods of child care and home nursing—but ideological advice as well, showing them how to approach their problem obliquely. They can tell stories from Grimm, for example, which embody democratic ideals, without fearing that the children will denounce them. For older children we have programs which capture their imagination, tying democratic ideals like ribbons to cowboy and Indian stories. Texas stories. "The Little Prince." With a moral and a point to them. They

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become imbued with the spirit of liberty without even knowing it.

"Every day at 3 P.M. we have a 'School of the Air,' with professors asking questions of exiled Hungarian students—the same questions students at home are being asked, *but* with logical answers rather than party dogma answers learned by rote. We report on youth activities outside in western Europe, Boy Scout doings and the like, showing the liberty western youths enjoy to travel freely around Europe in the summer on inexpensive student tours or hitchhiking.

"The Crusade For Freedom has sponsored scholarships at the University of Strasbourg for young exiles who will be able to help if the satellites ever win their freedom. There are eighty-eight youths there who study, discuss, train, and at the same time keep up with recent and past developments in their home countries so that if they return some day they won't be out of touch the way most exiles are."

Count Dessewffy then began to talk of some of his other favorite programs and projects. One program sends out personal messages in family code ("We celebrated your birthday together on May 25, 1948, in such and such a place, if you remember") which brings greetings from those who have escaped safely to anxious relatives back home. Another program named "Glossary" defines Communist terms thoroughly enough to riddle whole windy diatribes with ridicule.

He then excitedly described his trump card, a program called "The Black Table," which, like its Czechoslovak counterpart, "Messages," is broadcast for fifteen minutes daily. The Hungarian title, said the Count, stems from the practice in Hungarian factories of singling out the workers who do not meet their production norms and putting them at a special disgrace bench, as insulting a stigma as a schoolboy's dunce cap. The radio program helps protect the Hungarian people by naming and denouncing their victimizers. Wrongdoers include factory managers who commit injustices and people strategically placed in close contact with the public, such as doctors and bartenders, who can spy and inform on them.

By uncovering such wickedness and sitting the criminals publicly at the Black Table, R.F.E. not only shows the local citizens who their enemies are if they don't already know, but often disgraces, terrifies, inhibits, and even reforms the officials denounced.

Impressed by the Count's infectious enthusiasm for his programs, I asked him one last question: whether he thought the wave of Communism captivating people outside the Communist countries could be halted.

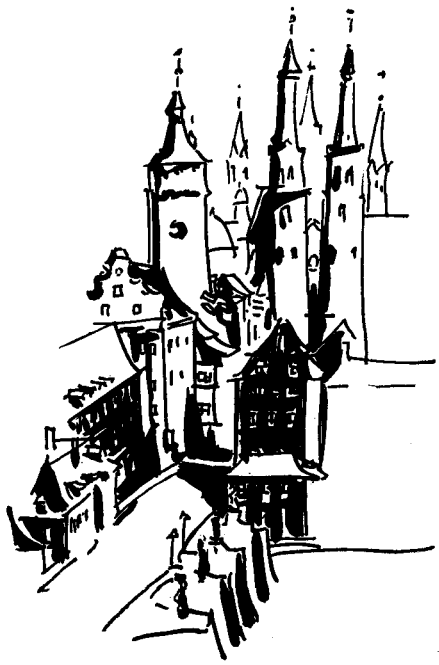
His eyes suddenly lost their sparkle. "Ah," he said, "underneath it all I am very pessimistic."

The Czech Section

Dr. Tigrid, chief of the Czech desk, is, like Count Dessewffy, in his early forties. After working with the BBC in London during the last war, he published anti-Communist magazines in Czechoslovakia. When the Communists took over in 1948, he escaped to Germany, where he corresponded for newspapers and took charge of Czech refugee affairs. His wife, meanwhile, was arrested and held in prison for several weeks before she too was able to escape to West Germany.

"Communism," said Dr. Tigrid the moment I sat down, "is organized boredom. No one goes to the movies in Czechoslovakia. People don't have the money to go out and Soviet films are bores anyway. So people stay home and listen to the radio.

"We have programs for every person and every mood. Ten minutes a day we give the workers talks by western labor leaders and trade-union specialists at times when it's convenient for them to listen. Farmers have ten minutes a day of crop-improvement methods, weather reports, and advice on how to sidestep the collective farming which they loathe.



"The greatest fear in Czechoslovakia is that there'll be appeasement of the Soviets, like the appeasement of Hitler at Munich. We calm that fear by explaining NATO's determination not to give them an inch.

"We try to help the people as much as we can, and one thing we take credit for is the recent wreckage of plans to initiate a new Czech currency reform which would have reduced the present koruna to zero and have wiped out the last vestiges of the people's savings. We had reliable information that the new money was already printed and about to be sprung on the people overnight. Immediately we broadcast the plan and urged the people to buy staple products. The broadcast provoked a buying stampede the next day. Canned goods, sugar, clothing, whatever the people could get their hands on which they could use, was cleaned out of the stores. The government had to deny loudly that it was going to make the change and it still hasn't dared to put it into effect."

Those Who Escape

In regard to escape, R.F.E. does not want to take responsibility for the dangers which beset people making their way west. Even when escape is successful, it means long dislocation and homelessness in refugee camps, and getting out of them and making one's way in the world is difficult. Those who do escape, Dr. Tigrid said, are people of exceptional bravery. Escapes are seasonal, and in good summer weather there have been as many as six hundred to a thousand people each month who succeed in slipping past the heavily patrolled borders.

Because Czechoslovakia is the only satellite in which the Soviets can claim to have had a significant following, I asked Dr. Tigrid how many people there, in his opinion, remained sincerely Communist. It was very hard to tell, he said, but the number now was surely less than twenty-five per cent and was declining rapidly.

R.F.E. tells the party stalwarts who

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retain their illusions in defiance of the obvious approach of collapse that they are backing the wrong horse, and that while they may have party prestige and standing they are working for Moscow rather than their own country.

Because Dr. Tigrid had to go out, Jan Stransky, his associate in charge of the Slovak desk, took over. Mr. Stransky, the author of *East Wind over Prague,* escaped from Czechoslovakia to Poland to France to England. When the war ended he returned to Prague by way of the Middle East and Russia as secretary to his country's Prime Minister, then became a Member of Parliament. When the Communists assumed power he escaped once more, to Germany.

There is no clearer evidence of the disillusionment of ordinary Czech workers, who were once the bulwark of Communism there and who were the Soviet excuse for taking over, than recent shifts in the kind of people who escape, according to Stransky. The first wave of refugees arriving in Germany after the Communist coup were journalists, students, intellectuals, anti-Communist statesmen, and people with property. Between 1948 and 1950 there were more of the same who had waited to see what they could hold and to make sure of Soviet intentions. In recent months by far the largest group of people escaping from Czechoslovakia (twenty-five per cent of the refugees) have been skilled workers. These workers are stimulated less by the desire for political freedom than by fear of being severely punished for absenteeism, by resentment over injustice in the factories, and by the excessiveness of production norms. Nearly all of them give the same reason for risking the dangers of flight: "I am a skilled worker; I have my trade and my talents, and I can find a job and live much more happily in the West."

A Visit with a Pole

As it was now dusk and probably Mr. Stransky's suppertime, I excused myself and went over to the building several blocks away where the Polish delegation is located and where I was to see Jan Novak, the chief of that desk. His biographical sketch described him as a daring messenger of the Polish underground during the war who shuttled back and forth between Warsaw and London by way of Sweden and

who arrived in Warsaw in July, 1944, just in time to describe the Warsaw uprising over the Resistance radio. In the guise of a civilian casualty, Mr. Novak shortly left Warsaw hiding under plaster casts and bandages the first photographs and eyewitness account of the affair that were to reach Germany, Switzerland, France, and Britain. After receiving British and Polish decorations for heroism he settled down in London, the mecca for exiled Poles, and joined the BBC staff there.

"We're luckier than the others," he said. "Great numbers of people were able to escape Poland before it became obvious that the Soviets were going to stay forever. Many fought in the war with the Allies in the West, or were shipped as Nazi prisoners of war to camps in the West, and have never returned to the homeland. We have wonderful exile newspapers and we give them room on our programs to show how widely their opinions differ. The radio stars the people loved before the war are with us now. We have a fine program describing the successes of Polish refugees in exile; another called 'On the Track of History' keeps old Polish chronicles alive and points out our ties with western culture."

He and his assistant told me that the Poles had been able to resist farm collectivism because of their bargaining position. Their agricultural production is depended on to help feed East Germany and Russia. But the Polish people themselves are on the verge of starvation because of it all, and many of them depend on CARE packages which their relatives in the West send to them. The Communist authorities do not confiscate these packages, knowing that if they do there will be no more, and it is a pleasure for them to be getting something for nothing. The recipients, therefore, "decadent bourgeois" for the most part, can sell the goods and extra food in stores specializing in western goods which in turn sell to the Communist Party functionaries who long for nylons, cigarettes, and watches. About 500,000 parcels a month thus reach their destination in Poland.

What Might Have Been

It was well after dark when I hurried up the concrete sidewalks to the English Gardens studio once more.

I found the producer sitting on a desk in a studio talking with Miss Tinac and another young producer, also from CBS or NBC.

As tape wound on a turntable and knobs were twisted, a voice in English backed by a bloodcurdling musical theme was saying:

"Jan Wachic! Attention Jan Wachic! Where were you on the night of June twenty-fifth? We have good reason to believe that it was you who denounced . . ."

I was startled to note that the voice was Miss Tinac's.

The producer cried "Cut! Snip it there." Then turning to me, he said: "I suppose you're wondering where all this music is going to lead. I suppose you'll say, 'What's the use of trying to fight their indoctrination when you can see how easily the Germans were led down the path by Hitler?' But did you ever stop to think what might have been if there had been this sort of thing hammering away at Goebbels's propaganda, knocking the truth home to the German people?

"The Germans didn't know what was going on. No one there before the war or even after it began ever did find out. Their radio hadn't told them. Their radio hadn't told them about Buchenwald either, and a good many things which might have changed their minds about their régime. That can't happen to the satellites as long as each year's crop of people is fed the real news."

Miss Tinac nodded, paying no attention to her own voice, which was traveling along the tape. The other producer and I nodded too.

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Problem Children of Democracy: Syngman Rhee vs. the Assembly

HENRY S. HAYWARD

PUSAN

WHILE hitchhiking back to Pusan from the Hialeah housing compound outside town one day last June, I was sitting at the roadside with two other American correspondents when a battered Oldsmobile sedan carrying four men passed. In the back seat we recognized a co-chairman of the Korean National Assembly, P. H. Shiniky, and the vice-chairman.

The car went past, then stopped, and a ride was offered. We protested that three more would overcrowd the car, but the legislators motioned to the man sitting beside the driver to get out. He obviously was a plain-clothes guard, and his pocket bulged with something heavy. He scampered back to a trailing jeep we had not noticed before. It was filled with armed men in uniform who could have been either soldiers or police.

Protective Passengers

As we drove into town, it dawned on us that we were welcome as riders not because we were acquaintances but because we wore the badges of United Nations war correspondents. With three of us in the car, the Assemblymen felt safe—we were their safe-conduct insurance that they would not be stopped during the trip and grabbed by police controlled by President Syngman Rhee. The jeepload of armed men provided no such security.

That evening, while the clash between the chief executive and the legislature was at its height, we visited Shiniky's heavily guarded house in Pusan. It was plain from their conversation that the Opposition leaders gathered there felt they were living under threat of imprisonment.

When we departed, one of the men present said he would like to see us again later, but was not certain he would be permitted his freedom much longer. He since has disappeared—either into hiding or police custody.

The opposite side of the picture frequently could be seen in Pusan during the height of the crisis as groups of the Korean people marched to the President's house on the hill to tell him of their devotion and pledge their support in his fight with the Assembly.

Simple folk from all over South Korea rode or trudged to this temporary wartime capital to tell the only leader they recognized, Rhee, that they wanted him to force the legislature to set aside the constitutional provision authorizing the anti-Rhee Assembly to elect a new President—or to disband itself as an admission that it did not represent the people's will.

The will of the people was confirmed, with some help from Rhee, by his 6½-to-1 victory over his nearest opponent, Cho Bong Am, in the election of August 5. The voters wanted Rhee to be President again, even though the Assembly they had elected in the spring of 1950 sought to name another man—any man—who would break Rhee's domination of every phase of the Korean political scene.

Control of the will of the people has been Rhee's most effective weapon in his battle with the legislators. But it was not his only weapon. The sudden imposition of martial law in May without prior consultation with the United Nations enabled him to suspend ordinary judicial procedures, and arrest and intimidate Assemblymen on still-unproved charges that a large-scale Communist conspiracy against the government existed.

Constitutional Revision

The cause of the sharp conflict between President and Assembly lies in a difference of opinion over the new Korean Constitution drafted in 1948. That Constitution called for a one-house legislature, popularly elected. The legislature was given power to elect the President. Rhee contended, however, that the Constitution represented a compromise that was unsatisfactory to him at the time, and that there was an unwritten agreement that the document would be revised later to

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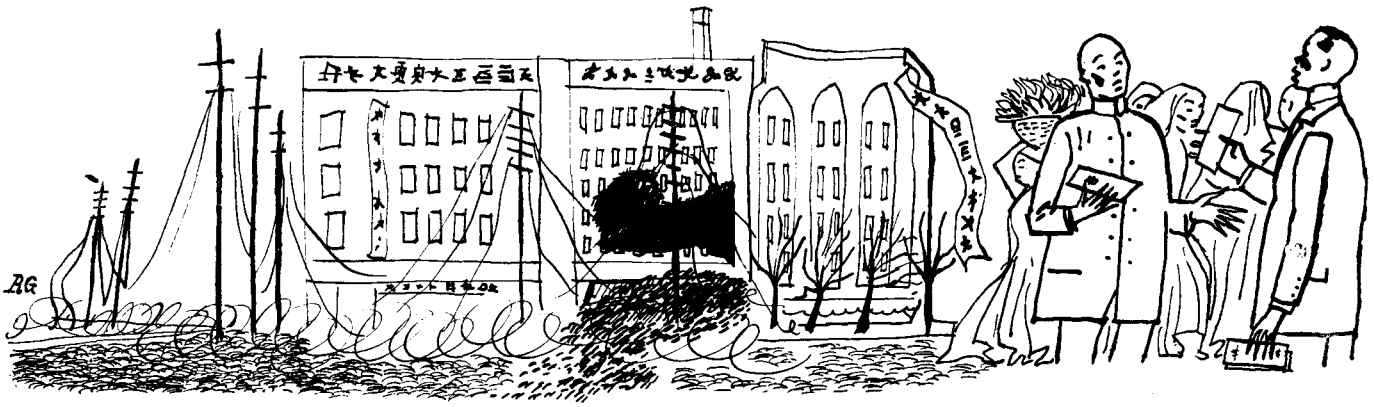

provide a two-house legislature and popular election of the chief executive.

A demand for these changes formed the basis of Rhee's dispute with the Assembly. The constitutional revisions he demanded were finally steamrollered through the legislature: Early in July it was penned up in the Assembly Hall for two days and two nights by a police cordon until it voted unanimously to accept the President's so-called "compromise offer."

To understand what led to the use of such tactics, it is necessary to look back at the war situation. When the Republic was attacked by Communist North Korea two years ago, Rhee's first instinct was to preserve the domain he already controlled. With U.N. help, that task was accomplished for the most part a year ago. But when armistice negotiations between the Communists and Allies commenced in July, 1951, it quickly became apparent that the division of Korea into north and south would be perpetuated—and the threat of invasion might continue.

Rhee never lost hope that all Korea would be united under his control. As a result, he gradually came to the conviction that a "second revolution" for Korea would be necessary. Since he felt, moreover, that he was the only man capable of grasping the full significance of the situation, it had to be a one-man revolution.

This revolutionary motif became noticeable last January when the President's clashes with the Assembly became sharper. The revolution has not been yet widely publicized, either inside or outside Korea, but its existence is the only logical explanation of why the President acted as he did.

Intimidating the Assembly

To make his little-publicized revolution possible—and especially to ensure his continuation in power despite Assembly opposition—Rhee and his coterie apparently decided to invent a "Communist conspiracy" inside South Korea that would allege acceptance of bribes by Assemblymen.

South Korean legislators are poorly paid, and there is no doubt that corruption and bribery exist. The President, moreover, took advantage of a widespread fear among South Koreans that the Communists are busy undermining the country from within. Thus it was easy to obtain a generalized acceptance of conspiracy charges without providing specific details. Neither the conspiracy nor the bribery has yet been documented in a civil court of justice —and it is not likely they ever will be.

Rhee's police proceeded to arrest eleven Assemblymen, on unproved charges, and to hold them for trial under martial law. One later escaped confinement, but a twelfth legislator was held on a charge of murdering a South Korean Army captain. The confinement of these eleven Assemblymen was extremely convenient for the Rhee Administration. In addition to intimidating others, it completely immobilized the Opposition in the Assembly.

The Assembly is made up of 183 members. The President is elected by the Assembly, and to select a new man, the Assembly needed a two-thirds majority, or 122 members. Since Rhee controlled fifty-two legislators, the Opposition totaled 131 members—more than enough to oust Rhee. But with eleven members arrested, the Opposition could muster only 120 votes, two less than necessary.

Rhee's "conspiracy" thus effectively prevented the Assembly from naming anyone as President unless it was willing to rename him, which it refused to do.

On June 30, Rhee issued an ultimatum to the Assembly, stating that if the legislature did not accept the changes he proposed at once, it would face imposed, unilateral (and illegal) dissolution. A month earlier he had made the same threat, which called forth a strong message from President Truman deploring such action as undemocratic. That stayed Rhee's hand temporarily.

However, the people had been told by Rhee that the Assembly was bad and ought to be disbanded—and the people were becoming restive at the delay. So his able, ruthless Home Minister, Lee Bum Suk, who controls the police, turned full pressure on the Assembly, and democratic processes were set aside.

Do-Nothingism

The Assembly, for its part, has been criticized, not only by Rhee and the Korean people but by impartial observers, for its failure to accomplish enough. Korea is beset by tremendous economic and social problems that require urgent attention and decisive action, neither of which they have received. The war—and before that the threat of war—presented the Assembly with such terrific emergency problems that stalemates were allowed to develop on such critical nonmilitary issues as inflation control, rehabilitation, resettlement of refugees, and land reform.

Popular discontent with the Assembly was expressed vigorously in the 1950 elections, just prior to the outbreak of war. Most of the "do-nothing" Assemblymen in office were turned out and their opponents elected. Since most of the incumbents were pro-Rhee, the result was an anti-Rhee legislature, elected for four years and charged by the Constitution to name a new President in two years.

Many Koreans honestly feel the new legislature is little better than the old. Key bills have not been enacted. Even

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some vital legislation affecting rehabilitation and relief organizations has remained dormant. Because of this, the people, spurred on by Rhee's avid supporters, turned against the Assembly.

Although it is difficult for Assembly leaders to deny a poor record, they argue that they were balked at every turn by a stubborn, powerful President who controlled not only the army, police, and youth organizations but also public opinion, news, and propaganda sources.

The Assembly seemed to be on strong ground when it did not try to defend its own failures but only demanded that any changes in the electoral system be carried out by constitutional means. Yet neither Rhee nor the Assembly took the necessary steps to change the system legally until it was far too late to take amendments to the people. When the June deadline for electing a new President approached, therefore, Rhee took matters into his own hands and achieved his ends by running roughshod over the legislature and Constitution on what he claimed was a mandate from the people in the form of petitions and demonstrations. The Communist-conspiracy charge apparently was an afterthought to lend authenticity to the need for martial law.

The Communist threat always provided a convenient excuse for failing to carry out promises. The largess of the U.N. always was at hand to stave off complete collapse. And no tradition of honest democratic government existed to give the people leadership and ability to rectify the system. The simple fact is that of all the pro- and anti-Rhee leaders I talked to, not one mentioned as his fundamental aim the welfare of the millions of Koreans who are desperate for a better living standard.

Thus, the Rhee-Assembly battles appear as a clash between two rival political machines struggling for power, both largely deaf to Korea's general welfare.

The Perennial Crisis

Another factor contributing to disunity is to be found in Korea's persistent economic crisis. Heads of civilian agencies assigned to restore and rehabilitate the South Korean economy and to provide guidance and supervision for U.N. policies and aid find themselves hampered by Rhee's tight control of financial affairs. All transactions involving official exchange up to five hundred dollars require approval of the Finance Minister, a Presidential appointee, and for amounts over five hundred dollars the President's personal approval is required.

An American banking expert, Arthur I. Bloomfield of New York, was called in to give the government an analysis of its position and what could be done to improve it. So devastatingly frank and unfavorable was the Bloomfield report of last March that even today the government is reluctant to discuss it—and has taken no steps to counteract the dangers pointed out.

"The dominant economic problem overshadowing all others in this country in the early months of 1952," the report declared, "is that of bringing under control an inflation which has already reached massive proportions and which, if permitted to continue, could have serious consequences for the whole United Nations effort in Korea.

"Apart from the possibility of degenerating into a disorderly flight from the currency, the inflation is constituting a drag on the economy of this war-devastated country of a sort that could potentially endanger the smooth support of military operations.

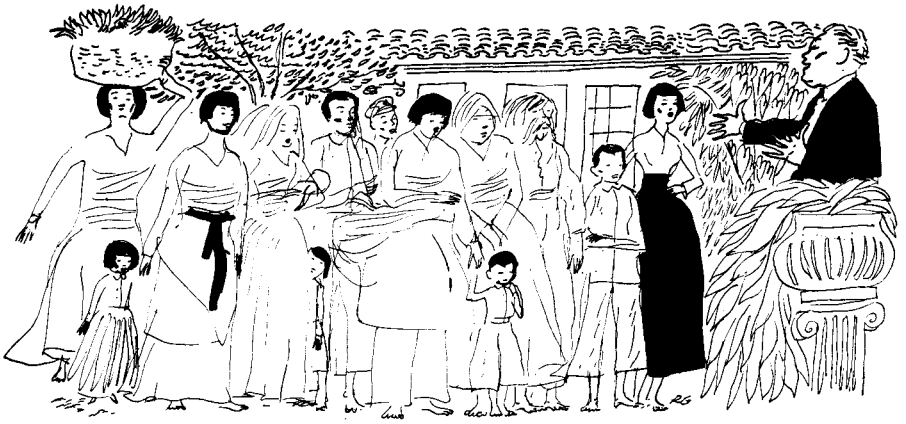
"By its relentless squeeze on the real incomes of the masses of the population," the Bloomfield report continues, "[inflation] has contributed to unrest, flagging morale, dishonesty, and diminished incentive to work. It has fostered wide-spread hoarding and speculation, stimulated capital flight through black-market purchases of dollar currency, and destroyed the will to save. Even apart from military considerations, it makes inadvisable any extension in urgently needed rehabilitation and reconstruction work."

Inflation's Pinch

Korea's postwar inflation can be measured by statistics, although figures do not adequately portray the burden the people have been forced to carry. In 1945, nine billion won were in circulation. By February, 1952, the money supply had swollen to seven hundred billion. Twenty litres of rice cost 75,000 won in March, 1952, compared with 160 won in 1945. As is usual during inflation's spiral, the cost of goods has spurted ahead of wages and incomes.

At present, the won's official rate is 6,000 to the dollar. On the open market, however, American military scrip based on the dollar brings 9,000 won, and actual greenbacks can be exchanged at 15,000 to 1. This threefold rate offers endless opportunities for unscrupulous persons who are in a position to exploit it.

Currency speculation is indulged in to a limited extent by U.N. military and civilian personnel despite stiff penalties and efforts to control illegal transactions. With money-changers operating openly in Pusan's streets, block by block, enforcement measures are difficult. And U.N. personnel are pikers compared with professional Korean black-marketeers and money manipulators.



Chief participants in dollar-scrip-won deals are well-heeled Korean speculators, who frequently use soldiers and/or prostitutes as their dupes. The demand for dollars for black-market investment is endless, since each dollar can earn an estimated sixty per cent profit. Although figures are not available, the artificial difference of 6,000 won between one dollar in scrip

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and one greenback is believed to be exploited to the extent of several hundred million dollars yearly.

Reform and Relief

Even this situation is not wholly responsible for the deplorable state of Korean finances. The country's economy is still suffering from the ill effects of forty years of Japanese exploitation, the enforced division of Korea at the 38th parallel, the enormous war damage, and expulsion of skilled Japanese technicians, administrators, and business leaders who for so long guided Korean affairs.

Korean banks, according to the Bloomfield report, make at least fifty per cent more loans than they should. Half of the loans are made with insufficient or no collateral, and about twenty-five per cent are never repaid. Despite this, the rate of lending is increasing. And an abnormally high percentage of loans is made to a few individual customers.

Two years ago, the General Banking Act was approved. This Act would eliminate many financial high jinks, but it has not been put into effect for reasons "that have not been satisfactorily explained," the report states. Private banks can operate only under strong government influence, since the government holds a controlling interest in most of them. This makes for political pressure in financial transactions.

United Nations aid to Korea totaled $516,686,981 during the war period from July 1, 1950, to June 15, 1952. Of this sum, the United States contributed over $495 million and other nations about $21 million. The Republic of Korea Army received $53 million for raw materials, and $138 million went for supplies and equipment for direct relief and short-term economic aid.

Relief supplies included everything from sardines, other canned foods, and 413,000 tons of grain to major agricultural equipment and industrial machinery. The operation is termed by Colonel Walter R. Hensey, Jr., of United Nations Command headquarters as "the greatest combined effort of assistance to one country ever recorded in history."

But, as in the latter days of Nationalist China, not all the aid reaches the end of the funnel. Once it arrives in Korea, it becomes the property of the Korean government, although the U.N. maintains close supervision. Supervision alone, however, has not ensured prompt and efficient distribution. After diversions, delays, corruption, bribery, and plain pirating have taken a toll, much of what comes in fails to reach the ultimate consumer —the needy. As a result, instead of mitigating the economic plight, the goods tend to come under the control of individuals who use them for personal profit or power. Government indebtedness increases, but civilian suffering is not eased in proportion.

We're Damned If We Do . . .

With this situation prevailing, there is little incentive for U.N. officials to seek vast increases in aid when the results already attained have been disappointing. Either way, the U.N. loses. If aid continues, it is partially wasted; yet if it were stopped, a howl of protest would go up that would reflect genuine dismay on the part of the Korean people, which would play into Communist hands.

In the political situation likewise, there was no good policy for the United Nations to pursue. If it had intervened in the Rhee-Assembly dispute, it would have faced criticism for meddling in Korean internal affairs. And by remaining aloof—as it did—it ran the risk of seeing the democratic foundations of the Republic crumble.

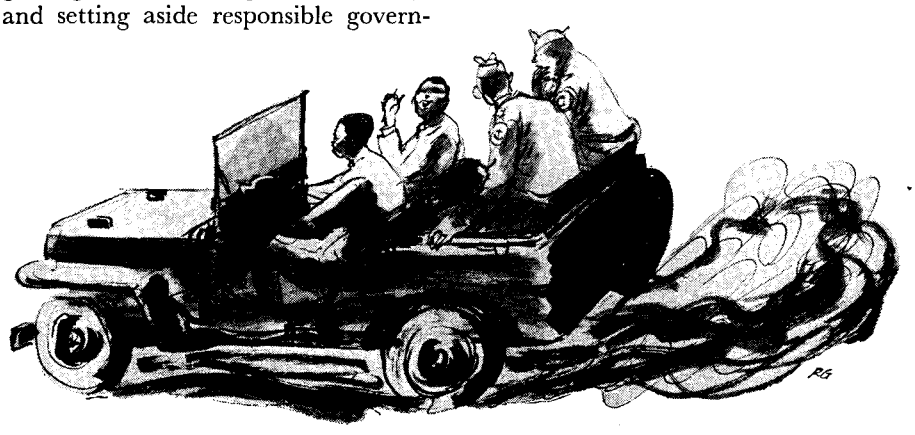
What American and other U.N. representatives here most decry is the fact that Rhee's actions are the first step toward turning Korea's government into a typical "banana republic" akin to the most unstable régime in Latin America. If Rhee is able to impose martial law, set aside the Constitution, and run roughshod over the Assembly once, it is asked, what will prevent Rhee or any future Strong Man from gaining control of the police and army, and setting aside responsible government whenever convenient? Democracy's roots are not well embedded here —and a blow such as this, if repeated, might destroy them permanently.

From the outset, the whole politico-economic crisis has been a boon to the Communist underground in spite of Rhee's assertion that he is saving the country from the Communist threat. In the long run, the best Allied armistice negotiators at Panmunjom can hope for is an agreement that will terminate the present Communist military threat to South Korea. If this is backed up by solid progress in removing the behind-the-lines political conflict and the economic crisis, the war's casualties and expense will seem more worth while.

The Free Hand

Rhee's victory over the Assembly has widened the rift between the Korean President and American policymakers. As a result of repeated American reprimands, Rhee appears to have built up an immunity to Washington's criticism. He now has a file full of American protests, and his attitude is: "I know you don't like me, and I don't care any more."

On the military side, only a minor miracle seems to have prevented involvement of Korean Army forces in Rhee's Pusan revolution. General Van Fleet and Ambassador Muccio warned Rhee that any disruption of ROK divisions at the front could become a catastrophe of major proportions for the U.N. war machine. Rhee reassured them—but there was no guarantee that he would not have called out troops if political developments had forced him to the wall. He reportedly was confident that the U.N. was so deeply committed strategically in Korea that it could not pull out no matter what he did.



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We're Getting Smarter At Panmunjom

GEORGE and RUTH BARRETT

PANMUNJOM

PROMINENT among the penciled quotations scrawled on the walls of the correspondents' mud hut by bored Communists and non-Communists during the long months of armistice talks in this village midway between enemy armies stands *incipit nova vita* in big black letters.

It was written there several months ago, but only in recent weeks has the event started to catch up with the prediction. A "new life," in the sense of a changed pattern, has begun at Panmunjom, and it is nowhere better reflected than in the fretful looks on the faces of some of the Communists who have been coming down here from Kaesong for the cease-fire negotiations.

To those who have made the long trek first to Kaesong and then to Panmunjom—hot and dusty in the summer and snowy and wind-buffeted in the winter—for well over a year now, it is exciting to see the end, or at least the beginning of the end, of what one observer has described as a policy of "fumble, mumble, and stumble."

Learning the Game

Hopes for an armistice born of our new political maturity seem no more valid than during the last fourteen months. But even if there is no immediate payoff in terms of a cease-fire, and even if our new policy means that the tempo of combat will be stepping up again, the shift in attitude by the United Nations command here after the end of the first year of fruitless talks shows clearly that we have learned a great deal at Panmunjom: We have learned that the Communists can neither be placated nor, short of all-out war, bludgeoned into making peace.

Generals have learned at Panmunjom that they must be diplomatic as well as tough, devious as well as direct, and they must know how and when force—military force—can supplement arguments but not replace them. Panmunjom has been for our high officers a case study, sometimes a painful case study, in the classic pattern of co-ordinating moral power, the military punch, and the propaganda argument.

A First Down . . .

An outstanding student has been Major General William K. Harrison, Jr., the former Deputy Commander of the Eighth Army, who took over the leadership of the United Nations delegation on May 22. At that time, with soldierly candor, he made no bones about his own uncertainties in the intricate field of political-military negotiation. Like his predecessor, Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, he was shy of the press and as impatient as he was puzzled about the meanings behind the meanings in the Communist statements. Not long after he took over the top post, General Harrison told the correspondents exasperatedly, "I haven't the faintest idea what the Communists think."

That was months ago. Now, partly because he himself has become toughened to the pummeling inside the bleached white tent, but more because our negotiators have been fortified by clear-cut policy and firm logic, General Harrison has been on the delivering end of several effective punches.

It is reported here that a brain trust has finally been set up in Washington to provide ammunition and set strategy for the green-baize battle. Anyway, thanks to some tardy research at home, General Harrison had the Communists badly flustered for almost the first time since the talks began when, in June, he backed the Allied demand for voluntary repatriation of prisoners with the startling reminder that twice during the Second World War the Soviet Union—which, of course, can do no wrong as far as its satellites are concerned—had offered voluntary repatriation to German and Hungarian troops.

This was so hot for the Communists to handle that the Chinese represen-

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tatives stayed aloof from the whole subject and left the bewildered North Koreans to attempt to explain why they were rejecting Russian precepts.

. . . and a Ten-Yard Loss

Unfortunately, though, the Allied negotiators, in a relapse into the kind of blunder that for so long a period kept the Communists in full control of the talks, early in July let General Nam Il

maneuver them into a new series of secret sessions just when the Communists were frantically seeking escape from our public barrage of awkward facts. This failure to follow through when we had the Communists groggy was all the more incredible in view of the fact that the U.N. command has invariably come out a poor second every time it has agreed to secret talks.

But this blunder, it is felt here, was simply an atavistic error. As the talks continue—and right now it looks as though they will continue for some time to come—our tactical errors, once so plentiful, are undoubtedly getting less frequent.

Four times recently General Harrison has turned on his heel and walked out of the tent while General Nam was still spieling repetitive doubletalk. The walkouts left the North Korean chief of staff red-faced before the tight grins of officers from his own delegation and were precisely the kind of gesture the Communists here respect.

While we are learning each day inside the tent how to needle the Communists and how not to let them needle us, it is also quite obvious that some of the enemy's increased discomfiture is a result of stepped-up air strikes on sensitive targets like the Yalu power plants and the Pyongyang installations.

In addition to the air attacks, the increased barrage in recent weeks of rockets, mortars, phosphorus shells, and jellied-gasoline bombs on the hills surrounding Panmunjom is close enough to drown out the whirring electric fans inside the tent. Every day the puffs of flame and the liquid fire have been coming nearer to the border of the neutral zone, and as the explosions shake the earth the Communists inside the tent exchange quick looks.

Here, in this bizarre world where a "smile-ometer" was once designed by desperate reporters to help determine what the grinning Communist negotiators meant when their words were incomprehensible, stances, grimaces, and the volume of tirade have long measured the progress of the negotiations. It seems to those of us still here that the visible uneasiness on the Communist side, not confined to the small fry, has a significance which the outside world cannot appreciate.

Gone now are much of Nam Il's arrogance and swagger. His salutes to the Reds are the kind of sloppy highballs that might cost an American top sergeant one of his rocker chevrons. Until a short time ago the North Korean general was the prima donna of the Panmunjom production. Against the dull khaki parade of U.N. officers, General Nam was a photographer's dream come true. Polished up for the color gravures, which he correctly calculated would give wide coverage to his comings and goings, the General put on a dazzling appearance in his battle-gray tunic with gold-and-silver epaulets, his flame-blue riding breeches with double red seams two inches wide, his bright-yellow boar-tusk cigarette holder, and his white Russian boots in winter and high black ones in summer. But today, because of Nam's hangdog look, what once seemed so splendid looks almost tawdry, quite as if Nam had wandered in from a crew of circus roustabouts.

Fizzle of a Figurehead

Nam's transformation has been an amazing development. For months he was the Strong Man of the talks, the skilled parliamentarian, the expert on gobbledegook, and all too often the master of proceedings. While the U.N. selected officers under the naïve impression that they were simply going to discuss a military cease-fire, the enemy, of course, chose its top man not for his military background but for his mastery of propaganda techniques.

The Communists are very close-mouthed about Nam's background, and there is some doubt here about the legitimacy of his title "general"; he has signed himself "general" and he has been officially called "Lieutenant General," but before the war he was not an army man at all, but North Korea's Vice-Minister of Education, obviously a top-level propaganda job.

General Harrison and his colleagues now have the Communists backed into a corner, but simply by their presence here from the beginning, expert propagandists like Nam and Colonel Pu Shan, his Chinese adviser, should have given the tipoff on the kind of stakes the Communists were playing for at Panmunjom while we went on putting men who were crack troop commanders but political adolescents on our first team. Our new firmness these days is, if anything, emphasized by our early weakness, but our current successes are scored in spite of the fact that there are still hangovers from those initial errors.

Where the Communists, for example, made a great show of keeping the official stewardship of their delegation in the hands of the North Koreans—

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all documents and all speeches scrupulously mentioned the Korean People's Army first, followed by the Chinese People's Volunteers—the U.N. command was handicapped, and still is in some respects, by naming four American officers and one South Korean general (who never speaks) as negotiators for an army representing almost a score of nations.

Officials still clam up in embarrassment when asked to explain why we made it possible for the Communist propaganda mills to keep stressing the "American negotiators" and "American generals." It is, of course, sheer nonsense to contend, as some officials here have tried to, that "overtures" were made to the British and to the French. Officially, nobody here will even say that this is any more than a rumor, but there can be no question that if the U.N. command had really thought about it and really wanted to do it, other countries could have been convinced of the wisdom of fighting equally boldly for the peace. In theory of course this is still true, but even with the daily embarrassment that is ours because of the almost purely American delegation, any attempt to change the character of that delegation now could give only more ammunition to the Communists. Even as it is, the long-belated appointment of a British deputy to the Supreme Commander brings gibes from Communist reporters who insist that other United Nations countries finally forced the United States to "put up a show" of international representation.

The Claw Beneath the Glove

All that, however, is history. Right now, thanks to the solid ammunition that has at last been given to our delegation, we have finally been able to show up the Communist emphasis on Nam Il as no more than window dressing. Until recently the North Koreans in the tent put on a deliberate display of only "conferring" with their Chinese colleagues, but under the pressures of General Harrison's devastating arguments the Chinese are in many instances openly directing the talks now.

General Harrison has, to all indications, also managed to sow some seeds of distrust between the Chinese and the North Koreans. The Chinese are making it plain to us and to the North Koreans that they are a lot more concerned about their twenty thousand Chinese prisoners than they are about their 150,000 Korean comrades-in-arms.

The Chinese enter the tent by themselves, leave by themselves, and always stick together. With similar segregation outside the tent, there can be no doubt that the ties of affection between the Chinese and the North Koreans are tenuous, notwithstanding the protestations of great love.

The Public-Relations Curtain

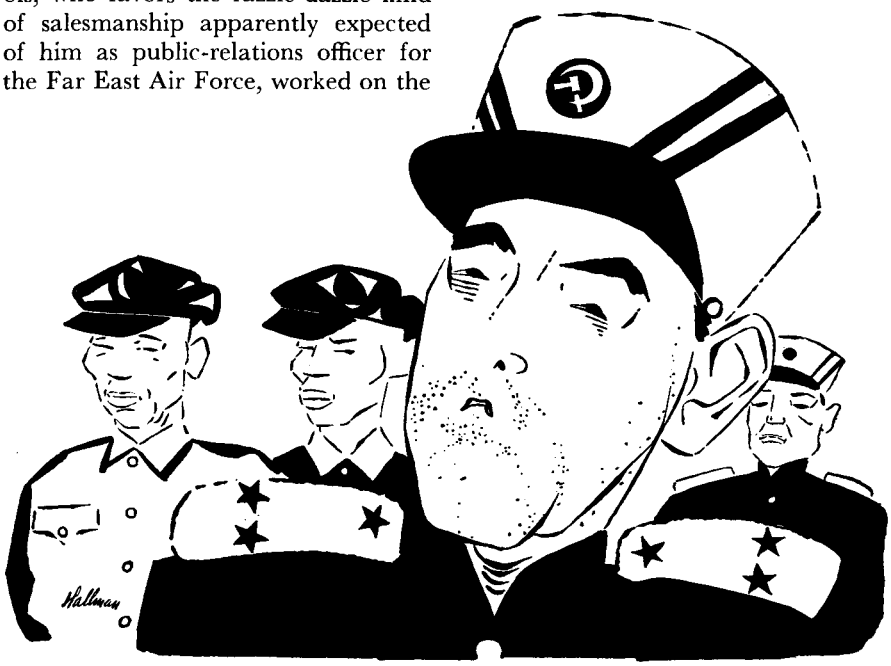
Perhaps the greatest change in Allied operations at Panmunjom, and certainly one of the most encouraging, is the new awareness of the importance of propaganda. Until recently the U.N. command was severely crippled in its public-relations policy. Through an unfortunate parade of floundering and politically unwise spokesmen assigned by the command to handle the story of the armistice negotiations, the world has time and again gotten only half-truths and very often has had to depend upon Communist sources to get a more complete notion of what was going on. As one Associated Press reporter, a veteran of the Panmunjom beat, said recently: "I hate to think of the half-baked stories we would all have written if Alan Winnington [the London *Daily Worker* correspondent] hadn't been around."

Brigadier General William P. Nuckols, who favors the razzle-dazzle kind of salesmanship apparently expected of him as public-relations officer for the Far East Air Force, worked on the premise that he knew best what information could be entrusted to the free world, a premise that time and again included things he thought we could tell the Communist leaders in the tent and they could tell us, but that could not be told to the people whose armies were fighting the Communists.

This was true of General Nuckols not only during the secret sessions which both sides occasionally agreed to hold (invariably unwisely for our side) but also frequently during normal plenary sessions and staff officers' discussions.

On rare occasions, when General Nuckols departed for Tokyo, reporters were briefed by people like Lieutenant Colonel Howard Levie and Lieutenant Commander Walter J. Ellis, aide to Admiral Joy, both of whom conducted briefings on the sound assumption that a precise account of the proceedings, in terms of what our delegates both had said and heard, was the best thing we had to sell. It was usually these men's practice to give as much of the textual record as the reporters wanted.

However, it was not long before General Nuckols cracked down again and gave the press only those portions of the record he chose to give, or merely his interpretation of what had been said, ignoring the protests of correspondents, who, for some strange reason beyond the range of the military



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mind, considered themselves the best judges of their news requirements.

Frequently correspondents were compelled to go to their Communist counterparts and sift enough out of their propaganda lectures to go back to Nuckols and worm from him sufficient additional data to round out a more or less accurate story. For many months it was a nerve-racking business of trying to boil down out-and-out propaganda from both sides into something resembling the truth.

Fortunately, General Nuckols was finally convinced that the full truth is the best propaganda for our side. He has recently been replaced, but some weeks before his departure to take up again his full duties as Far Eastern Air Force public-information officer, he had established the practice of giving out full texts of the speeches made inside the tent, an appropriate symbol of our whole new position of firmness and frankness.

Up to now we have taken a lot more bruising than should have been necessary. But we are also a lot stronger, a lot surer, and a lot smarter than we were a year or even three months ago.

Catching-On Point

Panmunjom—culmination of the whole Korean adventure—may yet prove to be the point in time and geography where the free nations finally caught onto the psychological, military, and political pattern of the warfare the Communists have brought to Asia.

Red China's Boast—Millions in Slavery

H. R. REINHARDT

OSTENSIBLY, Chinese and Russian Communist propaganda are perfectly synchronized, with Moscow and Peking observing strict unison in their rendition of such major themes as "Hate America" and even such comparatively minor ones as "Parisian Riots," "Berlin Border Clashes," and "Tokyo Elections." A close examination, however, reveals a startling dissonance on the subject of forced labor.

The Soviet press has pointedly ignored the Russians who toil in the slave camps of Siberia. The existence of these unfortunate millions is obviously unworthy of the U.S.S.R., and so its propagandists pointedly ignore it. Such shortsightedness not only has put them at something of a disadvantage when western propaganda has cited the first-hand reports of former slave laborers, but has enabled the Chinese to pioneer in exploiting the propaganda value of slave labor. Indeed, says Peking's Minister of Public Security, forced labor "is possessed of the greatest political and economic significance." The Chinese Communist press makes no bones about the existence of at least six slave-labor camps, giving their approximate locations and telling gleefully and in some detail what goes on inside them.

The Indian cultural mission which recently visited China at the invitation of the Peking régime was treated to a guided tour of the gigantic Hwai River project in East China, where it was pointed out that a good many of the bent backs and strained muscles belonged to the "counter-revolutionary culprits" undergoing a treatment known euphemistically as "reform through labor." Some of the Indians didn't like it and they said so upon their return to India. But then, most of the delegation members, including Mme. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Nehru's sister and India's former ambassador to Washington, fall under the Chinese Communist definition of a "counter-revolutionary" as "a member of a class which in thought and action opposes the movement of the Socialist Revolution," and therefore could not reasonably have been expected to appreciate the political and economic significance of slavery as long as India lacks class-consciousness and the leadership of the Communist Party.

Advertising Brutality

The Chinese Communists are eager indeed to tell the world about their purges and the terror that has accompanied them. Peking's press and radio coverage of the 1951 trials and executions compared favorably with our coverage of the recent Chicago political Conventions. However, where Americans gathered voluntarily around radios and TV sets, Chinese school children, factory workers, and government employees were required either to attend mass trials and subsequent executions in person or else listen to the proceedings over a community radio. Attendance at one Shanghai mass trial last year topped 70,000, and some 20,000 attended a mass execution in June, 1951, at the Lunghwa Airport, six miles southwest of the city.

The only aspect of the purge on which Peking is a little vague is the number of victims. Official tabulations have placed the totals at 1.2 million executed and about twice that number sentenced to forced labor. But it was recently revealed by a high-ranking official of the Central-South Military and Administrative Committee in Hankow that approximately half the arrests made last year weren't really formal and that those arrested were "directly transferred to the surveillance of the masses for reform through labor." In other words, they were dispatched to forced labor without passing through one of the "people's tribunals." Independent estimates place the number of Chinese doing forced labor at almost five million.

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"Reform through labor" has been officially defined as a policy of "subjecting the counter-revolutionaries to forced labor [as] an indispensable means for the liquidation of the counter-revolutionary class, as well as a basic policy for the thorough reform of the culprits into new human beings." Such a policy is carried out faithfully on the large Ch'ing Ho prison farm near Peking, where prisoners are assigned daily quotas of work, known as "fixed time, fixed quality, and fixed quantity." Prisoners are assigned quotas individually "according to the physical condition and technical skill of each person, and compelling the convicts to maintain them." We do not know what form this compulsion takes, but the Peking press has reported that the ditch-digging output of prisoners on the farm increased during the last year from 13.5 to 51.3 cubic feet per man-day. Since a New China News Agency dispatch also boasted that by October, 1951, prisoners at Ch'ing Ho had dug 1.5 million cubic meters of ditches, erected eight villages, and raised poultry and several crops, the number of prisoners there must be considerable.

The treatment of the prisoners, according to the Peking *Jen Min Jih Pao* ("People's Daily"), the official organ of the régime, "is a combination of political reform coupled with labor reform, as well as a combination of punishment and education."

After a day of hard work, the typical Chinese slave laborer is subjected to intensive doses of Red propaganda. The need for this sort of "education" at Ch'ing Ho farm became obvious as early as September, 1950, when U.N. troops landed at Inchon and drove the North Koreans from Seoul. At that time, according to an official Communist dispatch from Peking, "the prisoners became restless and secretly talked to each other, betraying their reactionary thoughts of liking America and worshiping America, and dreaming of the comeback of Chiang and the American reactionaries."

To remedy this situation, camp officials conducted a vigorous three-month drive among the prisoners, the theme of which was: "The people will certainly win; the American imperialists will certainly fail; the situation is settled and will never change." This typical Communist line of argument, substituting persistence for reason, failed to produce the desired results. Escape and sabotage attempts continued, and it was finally announced that the obstreperous elements at the farm had been "suppressed and organized into special labor groups to be subjected to strict control . . ." One prisoner who had escaped with six others was recaptured, escorted back to the camp, and executed.

The overseers at Ch'ing Ho had previously found need for moral bulldozing when Mao Tse-tung's views on forced labor were announced to the assembled prisoners, who "demonstrated very great resistance in thought; some bitterly cried, some would not eat, some wrote their last testament, some attempted suicide and escape . . ."

What Mao had to say on the subject, in his essay "On People's Democratic Dictatorship," was in reply to critics who had charged that he was lacking in benevolence.

"Exactly," Mao said. "We definitely have no benevolent policies toward the reactionaries or the reactionary deeds of such classes. . . ." Mao then explained that "those belonging to reactionary classes or groups" would be given a chance "to reform themselves through labor into new persons—but only on condition that they do not rebel, sabotage, or create disturbances. . . . This may also be spoken of as a 'benevolent policy,' but it will be compulsorily imposed upon those originally from enemy classes." He then quoted a philosopher of the Sung Dynasty who said: "Do unto others as they do unto you." Mao concluded: ". . . We do unto the imperialists and their lackeys . . . as they do unto others. That is all."

'Imposed Benevolence' in Action

This pronouncement was made by Mao in July, 1949, though almost two years elapsed before his lieutenants began giving the matter much thought. Their interpretation came in the language of the dialectic: "Execution means the fundamental physical elimination of the counter-revolutionaries and is, of course, the most thorough . . . measure for depriving the counter-revolutionaries of their conditions for counter-revolutionary activities."

Since this was hardly language the

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average Chinese could understand, the Red leaders called out their propaganda showmen, and on March 31, 1951, groups of dancers, dressed in gaily colored silks and beating drums, performed a *danse macabre* in Peking as a prelude to the first of the mass executions. When the first batch of "counter-revolutionaries" had been dispatched, the spectators were treated to speechmaking, community singing, and some more dancing, followed by general merrymaking.

Though the purge had penetrated the countryside by May, many officials were apparently still reluctant to kill. This became known as "the deviation toward inordinate magnanimity," a shortcoming for which numerous party cadres were reprimanded or dismissed. Presently a government directive observed with some satisfaction that this deviation had been "in general rectified," and the torrent of blood continued to rise throughout the summer.

It was not until October, 1951, that Peking realized the economic potential of slave labor, scrapped the policy of "fundamental physical elimination," and substituted a policy under which "all counter-revolutionaries who can either be sentenced to death or otherwise dealt with should not be executed but be disposed of by means of imprisonment with hard labor or labor reform." But the government is quick to explain that the purge is by no means over, and is, in fact, a long-term undertaking that must be carried out with the utmost perseverance.

All Hope Abandon . . .

Despite their escape from the death sentence, the prisoners, it was found, were still an obdurate lot who often refused to submit to the "benevolent policy" of labor reform.

A Kwangsi newspaper last January cited the case of a prisoner in a camp near Nanning, Kwangsi, who "carried two baskets which were only half loaded with mud. On hearing that the overseers were on the way, he immediately turned his back and had his baskets fully loaded with mud." Another prisoner in the same camp was discovered smoking cigarettes in the latrine with disturbing frequency. His complaint of having contracted dysentery was found by the camp doctor to be baseless.

A New China News Agency dispatch from Chungking tells of an inmate of a camp near that city who failed to "produce honestly" and who actually "disseminated rumors, organized convicts to escape, and seized arms from the guards." He was executed then and there, whereupon the prisoners of the camp were called together for a "discussion" of the incident.

To avoid such occurrences, it has been found "necessary to mobilize the culprits to criticize and supervise each other," and already "the culprits [have] denounced a certain number . . . and exposed a cache of firearms. . . ."

There comes a time when the combined physical and mental onslaught of hard labor and propaganda begins to cow into apathy and submission even those prisoners who still have something to live for—the love of another human being, for instance. When an escaped prisoner was brought back to the Nanning camp and the inmates were called together for the usual "discussion," one of them, a man by the name of Liu Shao-chia, was quoted as saying: "In the past I intended to escape because of my young wife. Now the failure of Wei Ying-ch'eng [the recaptured fugitive] has educated me and I believe that the future lies in a good reform through labor."

It has been found that the slave laborer performs best when his hopes have been crushed completely by "political reform," when the individual in him has been annihilated, when he performs with the docility of the water buffalo. Only then can the policy of "reform through labor" live up to its promise of "greatest economic significance."

The Silver Lining

But the spirit within the body is not easy to destroy. Some of the forced laborers' patriotic endorsements of forced labor seem to retain a wry Oriental humor. One Lao Ying-shen was interviewed by two Communist newspapermen who were visiting the camp near Nanning. In their article, the reporters quote prisoner Lao thus: "In the past I was afraid of labor. Now I can carry sixty to seventy catties [eighty to ninety-three pounds]. I have learned something to make a living independently. Truly, I should thank the People's Government for its generosity . . ."

Perhaps Moscow's mum's-the-word approach to slave labor is the better one.

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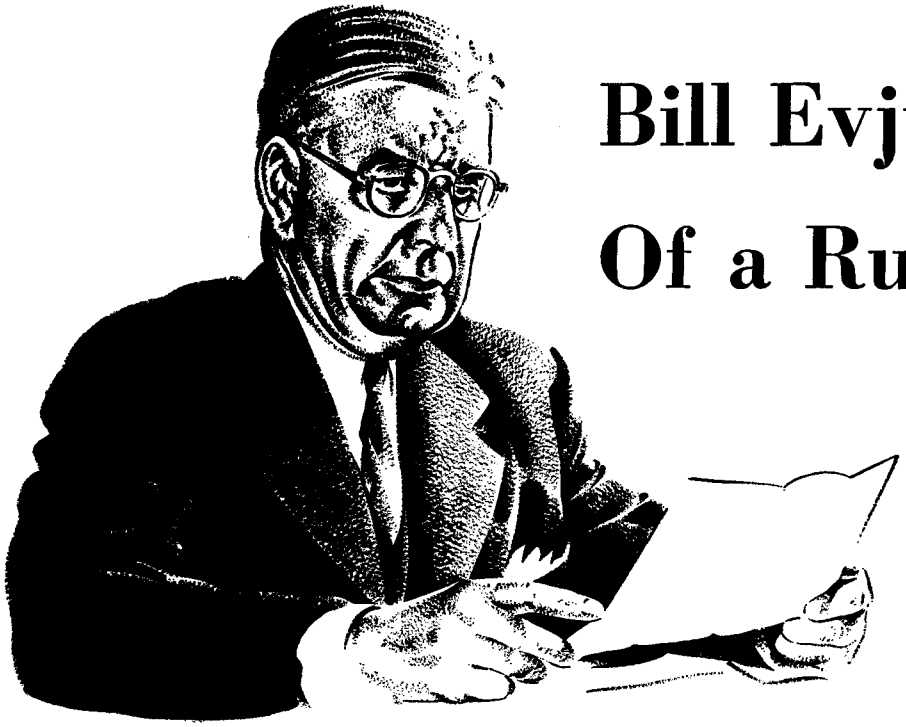

Bill Evjue, Last Of a Rugged Breed

GEORGE W. GROH

LAST YEAR the leading newspaper of Madison, Wisconsin, circulated a petition endorsing exact quotes from the Declaration of Independence. All but a few of the city's cautious citizens refused to sign. Some thought it was a thinly disguised summary of Communist doctrine, and even those who recognized the text thought they saw Red in the petition. They were sure there was a time bomb in it somewhere.

There was. In his Madison *Capital Times,* William T. Evjue front-paged the reactions of readers who said Jefferson's work "looked radical" to them. This, he said, was typical of timid souls who let themselves be frightened by men like Senator McCarthy. The stunt also was typical of the irascible old warrior who directs the *Capital Times.*

Afflicting the Comfortable

Battle is Bill Evjue's stock in trade. He subscribes to the credo laid down by Joseph Pulitzer—"Comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable"—but his personal preference inclines to the latter assignment. At sixty-nine, still campaigning and crusading, he is one of the last of that rugged breed, the personal journalist.

In the tradition of his kind, he combines the inclinations of Don Quixote and P. T. Barnum. Editor Evjue is in dead earnest when he sails into the windmills of injustice, but Evjue the promoter does not neglect the details of name billing and admission to the show. His income exceeds $40,000 a year in spite of the fact that Madison, with only 95,000 citizens, is overloaded with two newspapers. His influence, similar to that which the gadfly exerts on placid cows, is out of all proportion to the 40,000 circulation his paper enjoys. He has used it to keep Madison, the state capital, in a chronic condition of political nerves.

Evjue's lifetime campaign has been directed against the conformist instinct in a press that increasingly is the chain-store product of syndicate and corporation. Eventually he had to make a left-handed alliance with just such a corporation as a concession to the facts of business life, but he did so without personal surrender. The corporation surrendered on his terms.

Evjue, son of a Norwegian immigrant, was born in Merrill, Wisconsin, then a lumber-mill town. The conditions of life and death that prevailed in the free-for-all enterprise of that period made him an ardent convert to the reformist cause of the late Robert M. La Follette, Sr. In Evjue's personal equation, otherwise about as stable as high-octane gasoline, the ghost of that first fierce loyalty is still the one constant factor.

He became a newspaperman, rising at twenty-six to be night editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* but was at perpetual odds with its conservative publishers. His chance to combine enthusiasms came when Richard Lloyd Jones bought control of the *Wisconsin State Journal,* swung the paper behind Senator La Follette, and called Evjue to Madison as managing editor. For six years, the only such period in his life, Evjue was at comparative peace with the world.

Birth of a Newspaper

Jones attacked La Follette in 1917 when the Senator persisted in his isolationist views, and Evjue attacked Jones. He raised $20,000 in pledged funds, installed a battered fourth-hand press in what had been an ice-cream parlor, and three weeks later came out with the *Capital Times.*

The First World War was thereafter eclipsed, so far as Madison was con-

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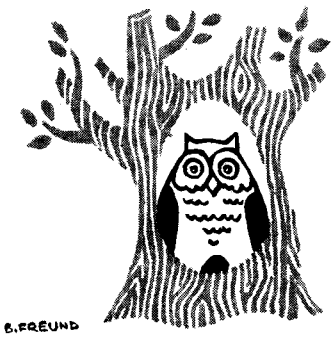
cerned, by a battle between Evjue and Jones. It was conducted on both sides with a conspicuous disregard for the Queensberry rules.

The new editor was tagged immediately as a German sympathizer. The Wisconsin Council of Defense, an organization of high-pressure patriots, sent flying squads up and down the streets to warn *Capital Times* advertisers against the cause of treason. Evjue was burned in effigy on the state university campus, denounced from the bond-rally platform by a visiting Princeton professor, and investigated by one Colonel George Mayo of the Department of Justice, who came over from Washington to see what the rumpus was all about.

Evjue did support the war, after the fashion of a man who goes along with his country's mistakes, but he refused to comfort his critics by waving the flag. The tone of his counterattack was set in the first editorial, on December 13, 1917, when he announced: "The *Capital Times* will make willingness to sacrifice for country the supreme test of patriotism. . . . Self-seekers who hope to profit from the calamity of war may not hope for the esteem of the *Capital Times.*"

The war-profits attack touched an exposed nerve a few months later when he learned that Jones had borrowed $25,000 from Madison's leading war contractor. "Well," said Evjue, recalling the struggle, "of course we jumped on that." He needled the *State Journal*



into a defensive position from which it never fully recovered.

Meanwhile Colonel Mayo had posted a spyglass watch on people who came and went from the *Capital Times.* Evjue let him have a good long look, then called him in, dumped his books and records in the investigator's lap, and demanded a public verdict of Guilty or Not Guilty. The Department of Justice backed and filled, pleading the confidential nature of its work, but produced a "Not Guilty" when Evjue parked on the Department's doorstep in Washington and announced that he was ready to sit it out.

On other fronts it did not go so well. Evjue's biggest potential advertiser pulled out on the eve of his first edition; others followed, and a boycott that was almost one hundred per cent effective nearly strangled the paper. Evjue stumped the state, enlisting the clan feeling of his fellow Norwegians and the sympathies of German-Americans who shared his onus of suspect citizen. He came back with another $20,000.

The fight reached a peak, then collapsed on November 7, 1918, when the *State Journal* published the false armistice report flashed by Roy Howard through the United Press. Evjue, who was a client of the Associated Press, sat tight and sweated while a gathering crowd jeered that he would not admit the Kaiser's defeat. His position improved when the United Press had to back down on the story. It was vindicated when the real armistice was flashed four days later and the *Capital Times* was first on the street by twenty minutes.

Family Fights

Twenty-three years later the roles in this drama were reversed. By 1941 Evjue had swung around to an internationalist point of view, but Cedric Parker, a young reporter on the paper, had not. Parker made that clear one night with a campus peace-rally speech in which he referred to his boss as "Mr. Evjue, the warmonger." Evjue called another reporter into his office the next morning and dictated a rebuttal story in which he referred to Parker as "Madison's leading Communist."

Parker denied the charge, and Evjue said that in any case his reporters were entitled to their off-duty opinions. But the matter did not die there; McCarthy and his followers have used it ever since, in the logic peculiar to their kind, to prove that Evjue has direct-wire connections with the party line.

Parker, who went to war and returned to become the *Capital Times's* city editor, regards the situation as ironic. Evjue is almost abashed. "You've got to remember," he said, in the nearest approach he can make to

apology, "that 'Communist' didn't mean 'traitor' ten years ago. It was just another dirty name."

It was also just a family fight, the kind in which neighbors participate at their own risk. Such set-tos are not uncommon at the *Capital Times.* Evjue hires tough-minded individuals, tries to beat them down with the force of his personality, and is inclined to respect them if he fails.

One man filed unfair-labor-practice charges against Evjue and hasn't been on speaking terms with him since, but still covers a top beat for the paper. Evjue seldom fires a man, or rather, seldom fires him for the last time. Some of the old hands have been dismissed four and five times but seem no worse for the experience.

One reporter, since departed to more serene labors, stood on his Guild rights and refused to be fired. Evjue changed the sentence to suspension, but the reporter also refused to be suspended. He made a token appearance every morning, informed the city desk that he was available at his home phone, and got out before Evjue saw him. Five days later, when the suspension was lifted, he announced that he had been at work and demanded his wages. Evjue refused to pay.

George Stephenson, Evjue's nephew and heir apparent (now executive editor), sighed wearily and made peace. Stephenson jiggered an assignment—happily it involved a visit from the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway—and presented the holdout reporter with a mostly fictitious overtime chit that matched exactly the disputed wage. Evjue paid.

Evjue was one of the first publishers to sign with the Newspaper Guild, in 1934. In the years since, one contract clause, and one only, has been generally excepted from dispute. Evjue offers a "fair and reasonable" policy of sick-

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leave pay. Guild members, acquainted with his generous record on that score, don't ask him to spell it out. Other negotiations have been conducted in the spirit of undeclared war. Evjue delegates the task to subordinates now.

On one occasion, when the Guild sought contract gains, the members invited Evjue to present his case. Knowing that he likes to repeat his points at length, they agreed beforehand that no one would provide him with a springboard by asking questions.

Evjue turned on his considerable charm, offered the management view in genial fashion, and said he would be glad to answer questions. None were asked. He made a hurried summary of principal points, said he believed such things should be talked over in a friendly way, and again invited questions. There weren't any. After the third such treatment, he retired to his office in a grand sulk and stayed there for four months, conducting his newsroom business entirely by memo and phone.

"Then," according to a reporter, "he walked into the city room one day with a kind of sheepish grin on his face, and that was the end of that."

Nervous Nellie and the Exposé

In spite of, or because of, these internal tensions, Evjue fields a team that comes out scrapping six days a week for the *Capital Times*. It has rewarded him with a long string of news beats, notably in the field of political exposé, down through the years.

Evjue's hand in news direction is symbolized by the three phones on City Editor Parker's desk. One is a direct connection to Evjue's home, another is a direct line to Evjue's office, and the third communicates with the outside world.

The big story, as it breaks on the *Capital Times,* is described thus by a reporter:

"Mister Evjue gets this tip—maybe it comes in scrawled on old wrapping paper—and he sends you a memo that so-and-so is a thief. You dig and dig, until finally you prove it, and he thinks it's a great job until he sees his hot story in cold type. Then he charges in here like you had put something over on him, and says it's going to be too bad if this one doesn't stand up. He's really a Nervous Nellie."

The reporter added, however, that "Nervous Nellie" has never backed away from a story yet. Moreover, the stories stand up. Evjue has yet to lose in a major libel action. He beat the biggest of them, for $50,000, in the course of disrobing Madison's Ku Klux Klan.

Senator McCarthy, easily the top-priority target on Evjue's extensive list, has furnished the big story of recent years. In the course of documenting McCarthy's income-tax troubles (which became a running story), the *Capital Times* revealed the $10,000 fee that the Senator received from the Lustron Corporation.

As in other campaigns, Evjue's attack on McCarthy mixed news enterprise with a brand of comment that is all his own. When other editors deplored or ignored the composite-photograph trick used in the notorious Maryland election of 1950 to "link" Senator Millard Tydings with Earl Browder, Evjue bounced into print with a composite of his own. It showed McCarthy in the cheerful embrace of Bushman, the late gorilla of the Chicago Zoo.

Free Lunches and Slot Machines

Lobbyists are another favorite target. In 1949, for instance, the *Capital Times* ran a series on the fact that they had spent $288,433, including $33,688 for food and drink, to influence legislation during that year's session. Evjue tracked down free-loading legislators during the lunch hour and ran their names, along with the names of those

who picked up the checks, under the box head of SOCIETY NOTES.

Another box-head jab drew blood when Evjue invited his readers to score the absentee record of the late Governor Julius Heil under heads reading: HE'S IN, HE'S OUT. The voters defeated Heil in 1942.

A sustained campaign paid off the same year when the *Capital Times* revealed that 7,000 slot machines were paying off $477,000 annually in Federal tax take alone in Wisconsin. *Capital Times* stories were a factor in subsequent legislation that broke the back of big-time gambling in the state.

The latest of the exclusive stories (only one other paper would touch it, even after it broke in the *Capital Times*) concerned a circuit court judge who was running for the state supreme court. The *Capital Times* revealed that he had mislaid judicial ethics to the extent of borrowing $4,000 from an attorney who practiced in his court and profited from court appointments. The candidate was defeated.

Evjue's personal comment fills a daily front-page column, HELLO WISCONSIN, and overflows to the second-section back page reserved for editorials and columns. HELLO WISCONSIN also is the title of his Sunday broadcast over fifteen stations. This Easter he chose to discuss "worship of the almighty dollar," took a passing swipe at "the hideous cult of Communism," and concluded that if Christ returned He would be about equally unwelcome in either of the world's most powerful nations. When Evjue preaches (as he frequently does), he tries to shock the congregation.

A Marriage of Convenience

The general vigor of Evjue's pinwheeling approach to newspaper business has long since proved too much for the opposition. The *Capital Times* took the circulation lead in 1926 and has kept it since. When increasing costs forced consolidation with the *State Journal,* by then a Lee Syndicate publication, Evjue was able to dictate the terms. The first step was taken in 1934 when the two papers combined advertising staffs and other business costs, and split revenue.

The merger became final and complete in 1948. The *State Journal* became a morning paper, abandoning the afternoon field to the *Capital Times,* and Evjue moved his paper back to the plant from which he took the long walk in 1917. All revenues, expenses, and functions—except news and editorial—are shared in a contract that gives each paper a fifty per cent nonvoting interest in the other.

A somewhat similar arrangement was made in the radio field, which Evjue pioneered in Madison, except

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that he emerged with a two-thirds interest.

A sign over the plant door reading MADISON NEWSPAPERS, INC., has since proclaimed the fact that the two papers are united. But a block away, at a tavern that serves the press, two signs proclaim the state of family relations. Printed cards assign *Capital Times* reporters to the west end of the bar and *State Journal* men to the east, because the bartender knows that, same payroll or not, the two factions mix like brandy and gin.

Continued disagreement had been expected at the top echelon, and that expectation has been richly fulfilled, but the papers had planned to shave overtime expense a little by using only one reporter on noncontroversial stories. It turned out that in Madison there aren't any noncontroversial stories. "We have our policies," as a *Capital Times* reporter put it, "and they have theirs. We couldn't rewrite a Ladies Aid meeting from the same clip."

Among Evjue's purely local policies are annual campaigns to feed the birds, spare the trees, and save the deer. In the latter connection, he has decreed that the terms "sport" and "sportsman" will not be used to describe "the slaughter of those wild, beautiful creatures." In the *Capital Times,* a deer hunter is referred to as a deer hunter when it is necessary to refer to him at all.

Clear It With Zillah

Evjue's genuine love of nature and his affection for children comprise the only soft side he presents to the world. The *Capital Times* Kiddy Camp, in which rheumatic children are treated, has been his pet project for twenty-five years. Evjue himself is childless. He keeps his family life separate from the fierce contentions of his working day, and credits his wife, Zillah, for such toning down as he submits to. "Mrs. Evjue is a very tolerant sort of person," he has said. "Very sane. When she thinks I go too far, she lets me know. When I attack someone, she asks me if I have the facts."

Politically, Evjue has progressed from insurgent Republican through the La Follette Progressive Party (which he helped to found) to an independent position that is hard to distinguish from New Deal Democrat.

Professionally, he remains a lone wolf. Evjue concedes respect for his big neighbor, the Milwaukee *Journal,* and writes off the entire remaining press of Wisconsin as so many ad merchants. He joined a state press association, but seldom attends because "they aren't interested in anything but sales promotion and the cost of paper."

Essentially, Evjue is an old-fashioned nonconformist. He is inclined to debate large issues in terms of personal abuse, but frequently he brawls in defense of principles that more fastidious editors have somehow let go by the board. The newspaper business will be poorer and less interesting when he is gone.

The Donkey, the Elephant, And the Gerrymander

CHALMERS ROBERTS

"FIRST they took away some Democratic stuff. Next they added more Democrats than they took away. And finally they gave him some new Republican stuff. But the net result was just a small Democratic gain, and the district's still safe for a Republican."

Such is one politician's description of how the Republican-controlled Pennsylvania legislature reshaped the Congressional district of Representative James G. Fulton, a Pittsburgh Republican, who therefore may confidently expect to be returned to Washington by the voters this November.

The process of designing a Congressional district in an unfair and unnatural way to give one political group an advantage over another is known as gerrymandering. The gerrymander is just as alive today as it was back in 1812, when a part of Massachusetts was laid out to such obviously political purposes that Governor Elbridge Gerry's enemies forever put his name upon the method.

The story of Fulton's Pennsylvania

district has been repeated across the United States in 1951-1952 as state legislatures have altered the boundaries of their Congressional districts to adjust to changes in the number of Congressmen.

To make the House representative of people rather than states, as was intended, its members must not only be elected every two years but should come from districts both contiguous and compact in territorial outline, and of approximately equal population.

Now the reshuffling necessary because of the 1950 census figures has been completed. Seven states received additional representation: California, seven new Congressmen; Florida, two more; Maryland, Michigan, Texas, Virginia, and Washington, one more each. Since the House will continue

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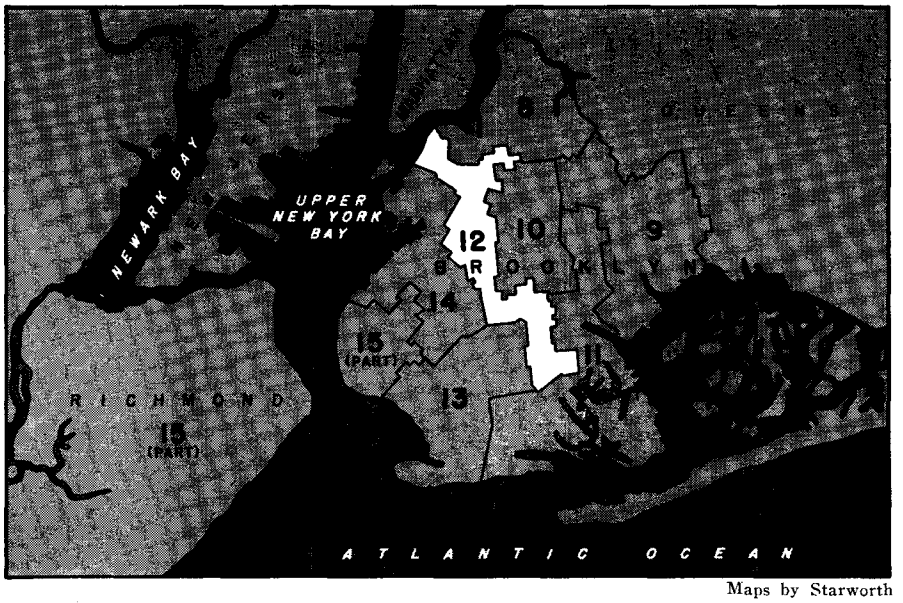
to have 435 members, the gains are compensated for by these losses: Pennsylvania, three; Missouri, New York, and Oklahoma, two each; Arkansas, Illinois, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee, one each. All these changes represent the ebb and flow of population in the 1940-1950 decade, and if they were properly divided within the states, they would make for a more representative House membership. In addition to the states that had to change the number of their districts, Ohio (which had done nothing since the 1910 census) redesigned its districts though it neither gained nor lost a seat. West Virginia, which also didn't gain or lose, shifted a single county, an act which can be ignored, politically speaking.



Maps by Starworth

Brooklyn's Twelfth Congressional district: a narrow band of Republicans

Odd Figures

Ideally, each district should have a population of 344,586—the figure arrived at when the total 1950 U.S. population of 150,697,361, minus the voteless 802,178 who live in the District of Columbia, is divided by 435. But Texas has a district with 802,102 people, the most populous in the nation. At the other extreme is South Dakota's Second District, with only 158,147. A vote in the latter district thus has the weight of more than five in the former district. Nevada has only 160,084 inhabitants, and since each state is entitled to at least one Representative, its Congressman has the second lowest number of constituents.

The extremes within states are great: Michigan's biggest district now will have 523,334 and its smallest only 178,251. Texas's smallest district, compared to the one with 802,102, will have only 225,742. Incidentally, House Speaker Sam Rayburn's unaltered district now has a population of only 226,865—a 12.5 per cent drop in the decade.

Because the politicians in the States of Texas and Washington could not agree on how to redistrict, each will name its additional Congressman at large. This means the Texan will represent all 7,711,194 citizens while the Washingtonian will represent all 2,378,963 in his state—both patent impossibilities as well as violations of the principle of House membership.

In addition, both New Mexico and North Dakota continue to choose their two Representatives apiece at large. Connecticut elects one of its six at large, and the tradition has been established that the job goes to someone of Polish descent, regardless of party.

Of course it is a practical impossibility for each Congressional district to number exactly 344,586 or any other ideal number, since no state can have a fraction of a House member. The American Political Science Association has recommended a variation of ten or fifteen per cent, plus or minus, as a fair rule. Using the more liberal fifteen per cent variation and the 1950 figures, we find that 81 districts will be overpopulated, 78 will be underpopulated, and 276 will fall within the fifteen per cent standard.

Thus 159, or more than thirty-six per cent of the districts for the next ten years, will violate a reasonable rule for size of constituency, and ninety-nine of the 159 are in states whose legislatures have just redistricted or should have done so but were unable to agree on a redistricting plan.

Odd Shapes

To accomplish political ends, legislatures create odd-shaped districts, with boundaries going hither and yon to encompass party faithful in "safe" counties, wards, or precincts and to avoid the independents or those who stubbornly adhere to the opposing party. The original gerrymander—a Massachusetts legislative district—looked like a salamander to painter Gilbert Stuart, but an editor commented that it should more appropriately be called a gerrymander.

Rural-dominated state legislatures (and practically all of them are) have been discriminating for generations against the growing urban population. This has been glaringly evident in the recent reshuffling of Congressional districts as it was in the post-1940 reshuffles. Cities in the 300,000-to-650,000 population bracket, entitled to one or two Congressmen themselves and often an additional Congressman for their urbanized fringes, were especially discriminated against.

City Slickers Outslicked

Of the seventy-four overpopulous districts (not counting the seven at large which are in this category), at least fifty are strictly urban or suburban in character.

As of now the largest district, population-wise, in Alabama contains Birmingham. This particular district has increased 20.5 per cent in the decade, but the legislature has done nothing about it. The most populous district in Colorado contains Denver; that in Georgia contains Atlanta; that in Indiana contains Indianapolis; that in Kentucky contains Louisville; that in Oregon contains Portland; the most populous district in Tennessee contains Memphis; that in Washington con-

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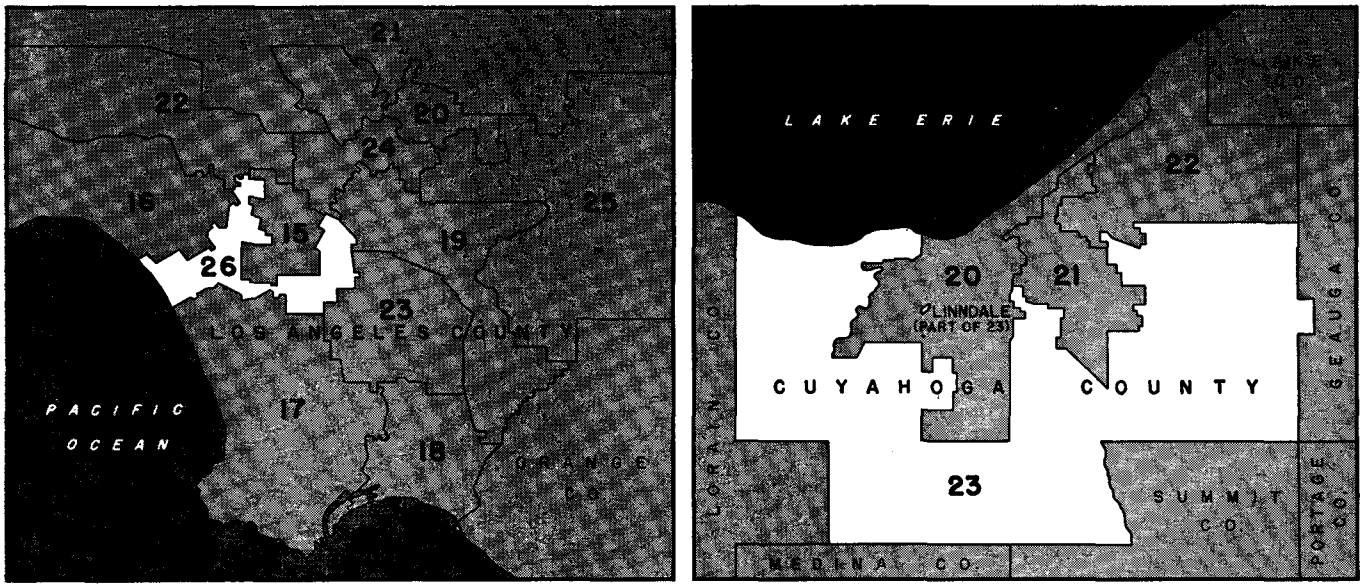

Gerrymandered Congressional districts in California and Ohio

tains Seattle; the one in Wisconsin contains Milwaukee—and the three most populous in Texas contain, in this order, Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio.

In some cases, for purposes of fragmentizing urban population, city wards or thickly populated suburbs are tied to rural counties. Buffalo, for example, is so divided that rural Republicans can offset urban Democrats in at least one district.

Strange Seniorities

Seniority in the House is related to small districts because they are usually "safe" districts, based on a rock-ribbed vote which returns the same man time after time until he climbs the Congressional ladder to an important committee chairmanship.

The House has nineteen standing committees. Of the thirty-eight top Republicans and Democrats, half of whom will be chairmen in the next Congress and the other half ranking minority members, fourteen come from small districts under the fifteen per cent variation limit, only five come from districts over the limit, and nineteen come from districts within the limit. Of the 435 members of the House, eighteen per cent are from small districts. But of the thirty-eight ranking committee chairmen, forty per cent come from small districts. (These figures are based on the Eighty-third Congress and the 1950 census.)

Redistricting is also used to kill off, or to try to kill off, political enemies within the party in power. In New York, for example, the Republican legislature threw into the same district Republican Representative Edwin Arthur Hall and Sterling Cole. Hall, a party maverick embarrassing to the party leaders, called the redistricting the "most barefaced, lewd, and rotten" gerrymander in history and immediately hit the campaign trail against Cole, who nonetheless won the primary. In Mississippi, the Democratic bosses tossed together Representatives Thomas G. Abernethy and John Rankin, a pair of locally out-of-favor Dixiecrats.

The Republican Ohio Legislature carefully put Representative Walter E. Brehm, who had been convicted of taking political contributions from one of his clerks, into the same district with spotless Representative Thomas A. Jenkins, also a Republican. Brehm took the hint and announced his withdrawal.

Legal Cheating

But the most reprehensible and most undemocratic uses of redistricting consist in one political party's efforts to kill off incumbents of the other party, to shore up its own members in shaky districts, and to ensure that new districts will give the right results in the next election.

In California, the Republicans set out to capture most of the seven new House seats and to unhorse some incumbent Democrats in the process. How well they succeeded only the November election will tell, but the G.O.P. view at national headquarters in Washington is that 18 districts are now Republican or lean that way, while 12 are Democratic or lean that way compared to a present split of 13 to 10. In this view, the Republicans will win a net of 5 of the 7 new seats (not necessarily new districts, however). The Democrats have been howling that the G.O.P. so scalped them that the division may be as one-sided as 20 to 10. All this, of course, before the voters have cast a single ballot.

That odd-shaped California district shown above will be represented by Samuel W. Yorty, a Democrat. It got that way because the legislature scraped as many Democrats as possible from the adjoining Republican district of Donald L. Jackson. Result: Yorty's district now has a population of 434,295 to Jackson's 228,712 and Jackson won't have to worry any more.

Touching Yorty's district at one point is that of Chet Holifield, a strong Democratic vote-getter. The G.O.P. figured he was unbeatable anyway, so they dumped all the adjoining Democrats possible into Holifield's area, now the largest in the state with a population of 451,322. Result: The G.O.P. has a good chance to beat Democrat Clyde Doyle, many of whose staunch Democratic supporters now find themselves in Holifield's district.

In San Francisco, the gerrymandering was aimed at unhorsing Repre-

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sentative Frank Havenner, who was severed from the strongly Democratic waterfront; even the district's number was switched to add to the confusion. The San Francisco *News,* a Scripps-Howard paper, condemned the gerrymander as a "butcher knife and hacksaw" job on the city and "a ruthless abuse of partisan political power." Hearst's *Call-Bulletin* wrote: "the carefully laid plan of San Francisco Republicans to convert [Havenner's district] into a G.O.P. stronghold by including in it the more conservative sections of the city and excluding the more liberal areas" may have "fallen short of the mark." Again, the November election will tell. But there is no doubt of the effort.

Next, consider Ohio. That map of Cuyahoga County's four districts on page 32 shows how the Republican legislature divided up the county to ensure two Republican and two Democratic Congressmen, based on voting records of wards and towns. Representative George H. Bender, now Ohio's Congressman at large, was carefully tucked into one of the two Republican districts. In fact, Bender's home is on the county line, and "My bedroom now is in Cuyahoga," as he puts it.

Curiously, the Ohio legislature forgot about the town of Linndale (pop. 403) in laying out the boundaries of the new districts. Hence, instead of being part of the Republican 20th which surrounds it, Linndale is a part of the Republican 23rd. It is now called the Pakistan district.

Turn to Illinois and Democratic Representative Peter F. Mack. He is the only downstate Democrat, except for one in an East St. Louis district, and the legislature is Republican. So, because Illinois lost one House seat and the figures showed it had to be taken out of the downstate area (not to mention the fact that the Governor is a Democrat), Mack was thrown into the same district with Republican Edward H. Jenison. The new district, judged by 1950 votes, has a small Republican majority.

Before we leave the Republican legislatures, a look at New York is necessary. Consider that odd-looking New York district shown on page 31, the new twelfth. This corridor district stretches across Brooklyn, including prosperous districts and avoiding public-housing areas, in an open effort to break the Democratic lock on the borough and return a Republican to Congress.

A Brooklyn Republican in the New York State assembly declared that the district would give "adequate articulate representation" within the borough to the "341,000 Brooklyn Republican voters." There was no comparable move for the outvoted upstate Democrats, however.

New York lost two House seats and the legislature handled it this way: one less G.O.P. seat upstate (handily getting rid of the maverick Edwin Arthur Hall), two out of Democratic New York City, plus a new district on fast-growing Republican Long Island. If the Brooklyn gerrymander pays off, the G.O.P. experts figure on a gain of five House seats in the state.

The Democrats Too

Now let's see what a Democratic-controlled legislature does on redistricting. Consider Missouri and Virginia.

Missouri lost two House seats by the 1950 census, and the legislature tried to make sure the current sizable advantage would stay on the Democratic side. The only undersized new district is Democratic. Two Democrats were thrown together, as were two Republicans—Dewey Short and O. K. Armstrong. Armstrong felt so strongly about it that he and the state G.O.P. brought on a court battle to block the redistricting but lost out in the state supreme court. Armstrong then withdrew as a candidate.

In Virginia, the legislature acted on two major premises: Create no G.O.P. district and, as one state delegate put it, "provide for Judge Smith." The judge is ultraconservative Representative Howard W. Smith, sponsor of the Smith Act. The way he was taken care of was to make a new district out of that part of Virginia just across the river from Washington, a district inhabited, from the judge's viewpoint, by too many former Northern Democrats and government employees with "radical" ideas. So the judge has moved, legally speaking, from his Alexandria house to his Charlottesville farm in the midst of a rural district where the thinking is satisfactory and the vote certain.

The few Republicans in the legislature proposed the creation of compact districts with scrupulously equal populations in contrast to the excessive variations under the plan adopted. The G.O.P. proposal would have put together all the Republican areas in the western end of the state, abutting the Tennessee G.O.P. counties. This would almost certainly have resulted in the election of a Republican Congressman from the Old Dominion. The Democrats, of course, neatly split the rebellious counties once again and tacked them onto an adequate number of safely Democratic areas.

Frozen Seats

In the five elections under reapportionment after the 1940 census (elections of 1942, 1944, 1946, 1948, and 1950), only 114 of the 435 House seats have ever switched from one party to another. In other words, before any general election vote was cast in the last decade, the fate of 321 seats had already been settled by tradition and by state legislatures. Of these 321 safe seats, 103 belonged to Solid South Democrats and 145 were Republican.

Thus the biennial battle for control of the House has, in fact, been reduced to a struggle for only a fourth of the seats. Even of those which have changed hands in the past decade, a fair number swung away from the dominant party on only a single occasion.

In the light of this long-standing

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limitation on the democratic process, the newest reapportionment, replete with efforts to freeze seats for one party or the other, only intensifies the unrepresentative nature of much of the House membership. This November's election will show whether or not the state legislators were smart enough to freeze an even greater number of House seats.

Two points offered in defense of some of the boundaries drawn by the gerrymanders should be mentioned. One is that many state constitutions require the legislatures to follow county lines. But the Supreme Court has declared that Congress may set the standards to be followed by states in designing House districts, and such a standard would override a state constitutional provision. Secondly, a justification for carving a district of odd shape is the "community-of-interest" theory, i.e., to gather together people "on the basis of wealth and income and things along that line," as one Californian put it. This theory of class division would seem to be somewhat foreign to the philosophy of American government.

The Celler Bill

Representative Emanuel Celler, the Brooklyn Democrat who heads the House Judiciary Committee, has proposed a bill to require that no district vary more than fifteen per cent plus or minus from that state's ideal population-per-district figure, require that districts be compact and contiguous, forbid Congressmen at large in any state with two or more House members, and permit the Federal courts to hear cases in which these standards are allegedly breached.

The first draft of Celler's bill—which would have gone into effect this year—got nowhere. Now Celler hopes to get a new bill through the next Congress in 1953 by delaying the effective date until after the 1960 census figures are in. This would be five Congresses away. Since the average House term of service is only six years, it is possible that a majority would vote for something that probably wouldn't affect most of them personally. Celler at one point informally agreed to drop the at-large ban in a political move to win the support of Speaker Rayburn (whose home state, Texas, will have a Representative at large at least until the 1960 census), but with a 1960 deadline that concession should not be necessary.

It would be simple, of course, to determine whether each district was within the fifteen per cent rule. Much more difficult would be the compact-and-contiguous test, although such a Federal provision was in force from 1842 to 1929. Even a district which by any reasonable rule falls within such territorial description can still be a gerrymandered district, but certainly the number of such districts would be drastically reduced from the present total.

Perhaps the most important provision in the proposed Federal law is that permitting the Federal courts to take a hand. Up to now, the attitude of the Supreme Court has been that redistricting is a legislative matter and that the only remedy for injustice lies with the legislatures themselves. But a specific Act of Congress permitting court supervision of contested redistricting would change that, and the Federal courts would be as nonpolitical a referee as it is possible to find.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Myth of Prussian Efficiency

ROBERT KNAPP

PANZER LEADER, by General Heinz Guderian. *Dutton. $7.50.*

For the century and a half since its creation during the Napoleonic Wars, the German (or Prussian) General Staff has stood as the acme of military organization and planning. After both World Wars the victors ordered its dissolution. Those who stand in awe of Teutonic thoroughness and efficiency customarily cite the German General Staff as the epitome of both.

To the latter group General Heinz Guderian's war history should come as a deluge of ice water. From Guderian's account one might fairly conclude that the German General Staff ought to embellish its coat of arms with a motto coined by the American civilian soldier: SNAFU. He pictures an organization rent and divided, suffering from confusion, timidity, jealousy, and personal conflicts.

And no one who has written of the Second World War could be in a better position to report on the subject than General Guderian. More than any other he may rightly be termed the originator of Germany's mass armored formations, strategy, and tactics. His divisions spearheaded—in fact won—the French campaign of 1940. The hulks of his burnt-out tanks, the charred, then frozen bodies of his soldiers marked the high tide of the German advance in Russia. Finally, as Chief of the General Staff of the German Army (OKH, Oberkommando des Heeres), he presided over the German defeat in the East in 1944 and 1945.

It should not be imagined that Guderian has set out to chronicle the shortcomings of the General Staff in the Second World War, or even that he draws the inescapable conclusions from the facts he describes. Far from it. Through his book runs the theme that it was Hitler who was the architect of Germany's defeat. His final chapter is an apologia and memorial to those who constituted the General Staff during the war. Though he continually taxes these officers for their failure to stand up to Hitler, he cannot seem to

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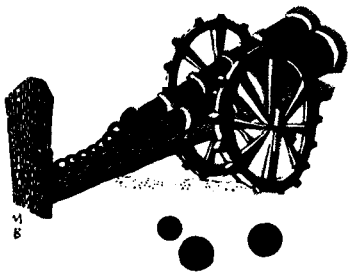

see that, by their failure, it was they as much as Hitler who brought about Germany's downfall.

Well, Speak Up Then!

These fatal inconsistencies between theory and practice appear again and again in *Panzer Leader*. Guderian asserts that in 1939 "there was not one general who would not have advocated peace." He speaks of the officer corps' distaste for war with Russia even in 1939. But he concludes a forceful paragraph on the responsibility of those close to Hitler with these words:

"Any man who was quite sure that Hitler's policy was bound to lead to war, that war must be prevented, and that a war would inevitably bring our nation to disaster, such a man was duty bound to seek and find occasions, before the war started, to say so without ambiguity both to Hitler and to the German people . . ."

In the same paragraph he says: "During the months in which I attended Hitler's briefings and the countless conferences on military, technical and political subjects at which he was present, only very few men ever dared to contradict him . . . If a man disagreed with Hitler, then it was his duty to tell him so whenever he had an opportunity to do so." Yet one page later he says: ". . . I only rarely had the opportunity of talking to the Supreme Commander with that bluntness which, without damaging his authority, was only possible in private conversations."

Guderian gives a good account of the plot which culminated in the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20, 1944, especially in details of Hitler's long-standing mistrust of the army. Guderian resolutely stood apart from the affair though originally apprised of it in March, 1943. Here again Guderian's motives are not of the clearest.

In August, 1943, Field Marshal von Kluge, Guderian's bitterest foe in the army, offered him a reconciliation with a view to combining against Hitler. Though he expresses the utmost distaste for the plot and speaks of being "bound by the oath of allegiance," Guderian made no attempt to inform Hitler. Nor did he afterward reveal von Kluge's part in the affair, feeling that "Hitler was undoubtedly far better informed about Field Marshal von Kluge's attitude than I was . . ." This latter on his assumption of the post of Chief of Staff of OKH—on the very day after the surprise attempt nearly cost Hitler his life.

It would be very easy to dismiss Guderian's reasoning as the tortuous rationalization of a hypocritical or self-deceived mind. But that is not the effect created by *Panzer Leader*. Unquestionably there is in Guderian's character a degree of self-deception. He repeatedly condemns the Hitler plot on moral grounds, saying, "Our Christian religion forbids [murder] in the clearest possible terms," but he also observes "that neither the internal nor the external political situation was conducive to a successful coup d'état." Again, in telling of von Kluge's invitation to participate in the plot, "My very exact knowledge of Field Marshal von Kluge's unstable character prevented me from accepting this suggestion."

The Military Mind at Work

Despite these examples, the predominant impression created by the book is that of an uncritical and overtrained mind, of thoughts directed through

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THE WORLD IN PEACE SHALL BE

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PIANO (Melody Prominent) "WE THE PEO-PLE" OF THE NA-TIONS, WITH U-NIT-ED HEARTS PRO-CLAIM:
ACCOMPANIMENT WE CAN MAKE U-NIT-ED NA-TIONS, FOR THE CHOICE IS MINE AND YOURS;
BUILD THE ROAD OF PEACE BE-FORE US, BUILD IT WIDE AND DEEP AND LONG:

WE WILL MAKE U-NIT-ED NA-TIONS IN THE WORLD, A LIV-ING FLAME.
WE CAN SAVE THE MIGHT-Y NA-TIONS, FROM THE END-LESS CHAIN OF WARS.
SPEED THE SLOW AND CHECK THE EA-GER, HELP THE WEAK, AND CURB THE STRONG.

accel > retard

ALL { WE THE PEO-PLE OF THE NA-TIONS, WITH U-NIT-ED HEARTS A-GREE,
WE THE PEO-PLE OF THE NA-TIONS, WITH U-NIT-ED HEARTS A-GREE,
NONE SHALL PUSH A-SIDE AN-OTH-ER, NONE SHALL LET AN-OTH-ER FALL.

slightly retarded

PRELUDE
WE WILL MAKE "U-NIT-ED NA-TIONS", AND THE WORLD IN PEACE SHALL BE.
WE WILL MAKE "U-NIT-ED NA-TIONS", AND THE WORLD IN PEACE SHALL BE.
MARCH BE-SIDE ME, OH, MY BRO-THER, ALL FOR ONE, AND ONE FOR ALL.

Sopranos and piano use small notes at finale only.

Arr. by R. Rosencranz Jan. 1, 1952

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"proper channels" into the proper pigeonholes, where they are never permitted to interfere with those in adjacent compartments. At the age of twelve Guderian was sent to a cadet school of the German Army. He remained for six years and went directly into the army itself. This early training was hardly of a type calculated to breed independence of thought or to encourage critical examination of policies formulated by superiors.

What, then, of Guderian's role as originator of revolutionary tactics in the employment of armor? This may be better understood if it is remembered that Guderian's French counterpart was Charles de Gaulle, and that tank warfare received its original impetus from Winston Churchill. MacArthur, too, was at one time a military innovator.

The truth is that no man can expect to rise far in the military service unless he follows in the main the course laid down for him by his superiors. He may be permitted to put forward his views in a particular specialty, as Guderian and de Gaulle were, but criticism of policies in other fields will neither be listened to nor tolerated. In fact, he has no opportunity to control policy until he has reached high rank. By that time, as Guderian's book illustrates, he will have become accustomed to subordinating his views to those of others. When confronted with a policy he may not like, he will resolve his doubts with the question, "Has it been made by authority superior to mine?" He will not concern himself with too close an examination of its merits.

Thus we find that Guderian is unreserved in his criticism of Hitler and Goering for their failure to take full advantage of the British evacuation of Dunkirk. Guderian's armored divisions had made the breakthrough in the Ardennes, then the prodigious drive to the Channel. On May 24, 1940, they were poised in the full flush of victory, ready to exploit their gains by a final attack on Dunkirk, only ten miles distant. Instead they were halted because Hitler wanted the victory to go to Goering's Luftwaffe. When the tanks were finally released, the evacuation had been completed.

It is Guderian's belief that the whole course of the war might have been changed had he been permitted to continue. Unquestionably a combined

tank-air attack would have been many times more dangerous to the British Expeditionary Force. It seems doubtful that the already overburdened RAF could have repelled an armored corps in addition to the Luftwaffe, particularly with the limited weapons available to it in 1940. If we accept Guderian's evaluation of the situation, his acceptance of Hitler's order seems almost incomprehensible. The distance was so short that he could easily have committed his troops so that the order could have been received "too late to be complied with." It is only much later, in Russia when the situation was desperate, that Guderian resorted to this ancient stratagem. It is clear that in 1940, and for a long time thereafter, the consideration outweighing all others was obedience to Hitler.

SNAFU by Remote Control

Subsequently Guderian learned that he had been halted before Dunkirk because Hitler felt that the ground was unsuitable for tanks. This substitution of the judgment of a distant headquarters for that of the commander on the ground seems to have pervaded all German operations. This is an old evil that exists in every army. The astonishing aspect of it in the Wehrmacht is the number of headquarters that might exercise operational control over one division. This factor in itself casts serious doubt on the competence of the German General Staff.

Thus in France, Guderian's corps was under the control of an army headquarters, an army-group headquarters, OKH, and finally OKW (High Command of the Armed Forces). In Russia the same system prevailed. Each of these higher staffs apparently eavesdropped on all radio transmissions down to the corps level and did not hesitate to order changes in division dispositions regardless of the intervening headquarters.

Nowhere does Guderian find fault with this principle by which tactical control was exercised by staffs who were charged primarily with formulating policy on the strategic plane. In this respect the German chain of command appears to have been on a par with that existing under Jefferson Davis in the American Civil War. The burden placed on commanders and staffs of all echelons would bog down the war effort of even the most powerful nation.

One might expect that the German multiplicity of staffs would have resulted in detailed, long-range planning of future operations. Certainly this was the case in the First World War, when the German General Staff had worked and reworked the Schlieffen Plan of attack on France for many years before 1914. Guderian makes it clear that in 1940 and 1941 the situation was very different.

For example, although the general principles and scheme of the 1940 invasion of France had been agreed upon in advance, there was no detailed plan of operations for Guderian's XIX Corps. Finally, for lack of anything else, Guderian was forced to use plans he had worked out in a map exercise held the previous February. But even those sketchy plans carried his troops only to the west bank of the Meuse, barely inside France.

Wandering Through Russia

Panzer Leader is a valuable and detailed study of the French campaign of 1940, but it is on the lesser known Russian campaign of 1941 that it sheds the most light. The shortcomings of Hitler and his staffs may have lost opportunities in 1940, as Guderian suggests. It is clear that in 1941 they lost a war.

Despite the fact that it ultimately arrived within heavy artillery range of Moscow, the German Army seems never to have had any clearly defined and held-to objective in its drive on Russia. Clausewitz, the deity of the General Staff, defined the destruction of the enemy army as the true objective in any conflict. Yet Hitler's very

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first order for the campaign, issued, incidentally, on December 18, 1940—six months before actual hostilities—defined Moscow and the Donetz Basin as the objectives, apparently without regard to the location of the enemy main body.

Even these plans might have been able to produce a German victory had they been followed. A concerted, relentless drive on Russia's capital might have resulted in a clean breakthrough and a division of the Russian forces similar to that achieved in France. Instead, the High Command was repeatedly turned aside by opportunities to effect piecemeal destruction of Russian forces. Again and again the leading panzer elements were halted and even turned back so that isolated Russian forces might be attacked. All this without regard to the fact that the enemy main body successfully kept to the east of them.

All the while, time was running against the Nazis. Not only had the High Command failed to take the Russian winter into account; it had disregarded climate and terrain. As a result, long before winter, tank engines were made useless by clouds of abrasive dust. Starting in September, men and vehicles were mired for hours on roads transformed into canals of mud.

Finally the cold came in November. Four-fifths of the German Army were in denim. Those who were fortunate took clothes from the Russians. By early December, temperatures had gone to thirty-six below zero, but still only denim uniforms were available.

Here Guderian places the blame directly on the General Staff. In many more instances he does so by implication. Nevertheless it is his conviction that from first to last Germany had Hitler and the Nazis to blame for its misfortunes. He portrays the General Staff as Hitler's unwilling subordinate, forced by its conception of duty to do his bidding whatever the consequences. Guderian cannot appreciate that his limited concept of the responsibilities of a professional soldier amounts in effect to irresponsibility.

The Old Refrain

Without equivocation and with apparent sincerity, he condemns on many occasions the German treatment of civilians in occupied areas. Guderian himself never subscribed to or put into effect Hitler's vicious orders for treatment of the Russian civil population. Thus he escaped the fate of his comrades who did not exercise the same good judgment. Yet it is obvious that he feels their punishment was far too harsh and that Germany itself did not deserve the treatment it received.

These sentiments are to be expected, but Guderian seems to have forgotten a good deal of what his own countrymen did. He deplores the "Anglo-American air terror . . . Humanity and chivalry had both disappeared during those months." What of humanity and chivalry when the Luftwaffe was bombing helpless Rotterdam to rubble, when Coventry and London were blitzed?

Panzer Leader is a valuable and instructive book both in its detailed analysis of campaigns and in what it tells of the workings of the German High Command. But it was written for a German audience, many of whom are likely to receive it as uncritically as their generals accepted Hitler's orders.

In the foreword Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, an inveterate and indeed somewhat tiresome admirer of German panzer experts, observes that "a profoundly reflective mind does not fit easily into the service itself." Guderian's did. Perhaps if he had a more reflective mind, he might have realized that his effort to place the burden of his country's downfall on one man helps to create the climate in which such adventurers prosper. It helps also to foster the detached and specialized thinking of a body like the General Staff, and to make it the unreflecting tool of a leader like Hitler.

Gary Cooper As a Tragic Hero

ROBERT L. HATCH

The critics declare, and the public enthusiastically agrees, that "High Noon" is a superior Western movie. I agree myself, but I don't necessarily applaud. I want first to discuss what standards one should apply to this aspiring horse opera.

The merits of the picture are both obvious and real. It is a Stanley Kramer production and bears his stamp of precise and elegant workmanship. Gary Cooper, who plays the lead, has always been more a star than an actor. That is, he tends to look his parts rather than to act them, and the audience generously supplies its own interpretation of what a man who looks like Gary Cooper might be thinking and feeling beneath his implacable surface.

In this instance Cooper is required to express only one simple idea: that he is old and tired but that nevertheless he cannot be made to run away. It seems apparent that he really is old and tired, and the spare, monotonous means he uses to indicate his stubborn courage in one adverse situation after another contributes powerfully to the rising pressure of the picture.

Though Cooper is at the center of the action, the story really develops through the effect of his resolve upon the personalities around him. And the supporting cast is brilliant. It includes Lloyd Bridges, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Morgan (of "The Well"), and

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Otto Kruger. Grace Kelly, as Cooper's wife, seems a little too prettily weak for the part, but that may be only because she must play in the company of Katy Jurado, a Mexican actress of almost heroic strength. Miss Jurado has the head and shoulders of a Leonardo portrait, and her smallest gesture draws sparks. In a leading role she could be as impressive as Anna Magnani, but it would take a strong director to govern her.

The director of "High Noon" is Fred Zinnemann, who might be strong enough for that job. At any rate, he has put this picture together with authority. He works here in what approximates real time (the story runs from a little before eleven to noon; the picture runs for about an hour and forty minutes), which means that he can waste little time on indecision or incidentals.

Zinnemann puts the narrative together from a series of crisp and purposeful scenes that interpret one another like the pins on a strategist's war map. No one bats an eye or rubs an elbow in "High Noon" unless the gesture contributes to the story. The director permits his cameraman a few rather mannered shots of the excellent 1870 frontier-town set, and he is a little too fond of moments so "pregnant with meaning" that all motion is suspended; otherwise his work is impressively unpretentious. The dialogue is sensible; the music, primarily a lugubrious ballad, is appropriate and only occasionally takes the action over from the performers—a vice now most common in Hollywood.

Those, then, are the excellences of "High Noon," and they are sufficient to make the picture celebrated. But they are all technical. For a movie to be really superior, its content must be taken seriously, and on the level of ideas "High Noon" presents another face.

Gotta Go Back, Gal

The story, briefly, is as follows: At about ten-thirty of a warm Sunday morning, the retiring marshal of a frontier town is being married to a beautiful girl considerably younger than himself. He is retiring as marshal because his bride is a Quaker and part of her marriage bargain is that he shall put away his guns forever. The ceremony is completed, and the marshal (Cooper, of course) is in the very act of hanging his holsters on the wall when the railroad stationmaster bursts in with the news that a notorious badman has been released from the penitentiary and is expected to arrive on the noon train. This desperado, who had once run the town as his private domain, was finally brought to justice by the marshal. At his trial he swore to be avenged, and he is probably coming back to make good the threat. Indeed, this seems a certainty, for three of his most reckless henchmen have already reached town and are now insolently hanging around the depot.

The wedding party, composed of the town's worthiest citizens, urges the marshal to get out of town fast. His bride adds her appeal, and they climb into their wagon and set forth. But after a few miles the marshal says no, a man can't run away from a thing like this, and around they turn. Back in his office once more, the marshal has less than an hour left and sets to work briskly to form a posse. His wife, seeing him strap on his gun, declares that she cannot live with a fighting man and walks out on her marriage some thirty minutes after its solemnization.

The marshal never raises that posse. His first setback comes when his deputy (Lloyd Bridges) turns in his badge because Cooper will not promise to support his claim to succeed him as marshal. Their relationship is complicated by the fact that a lady of the town has been the mistress, successively, of the returning hoodlum, the marshal, and the marshal's deputy. Miss Jurado maintains her dignity in the face of this varied past by calling upon an inner strength that must be seen to be appreciated.

After the defection of his aide, the marshal turns, with growing disillusion, to various elements in the town. Saloon society, where the badman has some secret friends, rejects him with laughter; the church congregation, swayed by Selectman Mitchell's eloquence, washes its hands of him most sympathetically on the several grounds that this is a private fight, that if the marshal will only skedaddle there won't be any fight, that outsiders won't send their business to a feuding town, that maybe the villain isn't on the train anyway, and that policemen should do their own work and not ask help from peaceable taxpayers.

Even the marshal's closest friends find themselves not at home or urgently required for private emergencies, and as the clock nears twelve it becomes

Old flame, marshal, and faithful wife

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evident that Cooper will have to face his four enemies alone. The only volunteers are a boy who wants to prove himself a man and the town drunk who wants to prove that he once was a man.

Bang! Bang!

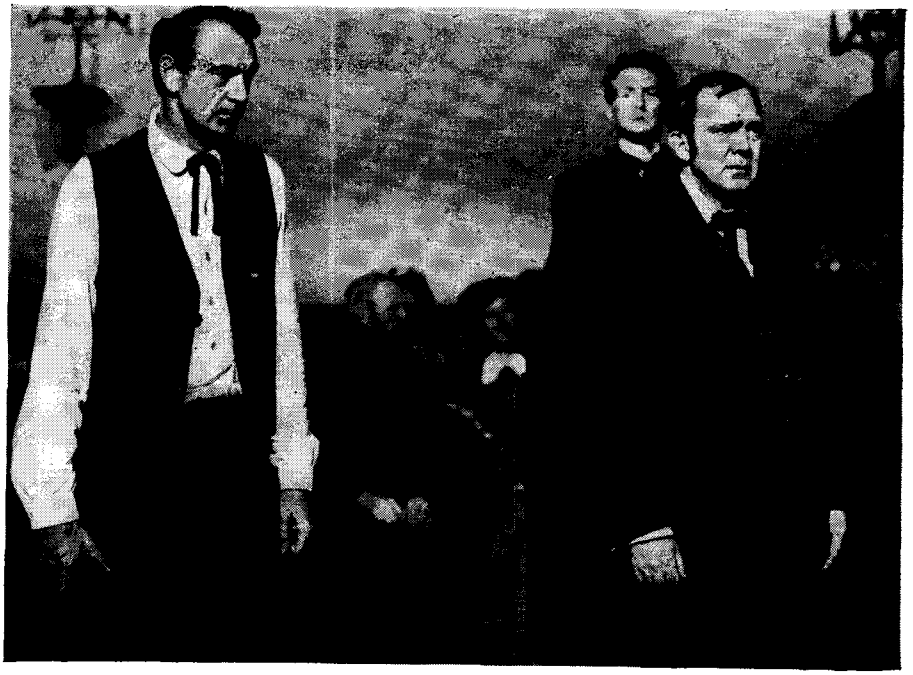
Clearly the people of this town are a good-for-nothing lot. The situation is explained to the marshal by the justice of the peace (Kruger), who has dropped by the office to pick up some papers and his seal of office—it was he, after all, who sentenced the killer. A Roman city, says the judge, was once freed of its tyrant by the enterprise of a small, strong element in the city. But when, some time later, their oppressor reappeared with a handful of mercenaries at his back, the citizens greeted him with cheers and garlands. "Get out," says the judge, "don't make a fool of yourself by defending such rabble." He thereupon suits his own actions to these prudent words.

Twelve strikes, a distant whistle sounds, the town lies empty in the hot sun. The released convict alights, and he and his evil escort march into town. There ensues a magnificent running duel, at the end of which all four malefactors are dead. One of them has been dispatched by the marshal's wife, who, having actually seated herself in the same noon train, suddenly undergoes a revulsion of feeling and comes charging back up the street in time to seize a rifle from her husband's armory and plug one of the outlaws in the back.

As soon as the shooting is over, the admiring citizens pour out of their shelters prepared to pound their champion on the shoulders. He looks them over coldly (Cooper's cold look is one of his imperishable assets), drops his badge in the dust, mounts the wagon beside his wife, and departs silently and for good.

The Moral Niceties

Now that is not a very nice story. It bespeaks a contempt for the people and elevates the leader to a position of solitary moral eminence. The point of view is not one that you would expect democratic audiences to applaud; that they do applaud can be explained, I think, by the fact that the picture has been presented to them as a Western of special merit, and they are caught off guard. A Western is known to be a violent, picturesque, and essentially innocent form of entertainment. Its morality is uncomplicated and pure; its incidents are as startling as they are predictable; one cheers the hero, hisses the villain, and comes away refreshed from vicarious participation in mortal combat on the side of godliness. "High Noon" certainly provides the excitement, and the craftmanship is sufficient to evoke spontaneous bravos. The question is whether, in restrospect, an audience finds much refreshment in the plot.



A clash of wills: Cooper and Thomas Mitchell

Katy Jurado

I do not challenge the author's right to a jaundiced view of the populace; Carl Foreman, who wrote the picture, is as much entitled to his mistrust of the citizens as Shakespeare or T. S. Eliot. But since he has chosen to work with the elements of "Coriolanus," say, or "Murder in the Cathedral," we are justified in adopting standards of criticism not usually applied to frontier yarns. What justification, for example, has Foreman for permitting his hero to survive?

There is, of course, no aesthetic law to say that the ending of a story must be happy or unhappy, but there is a rule of consistency that prevents an artist from tagging a happy ending onto a tragic framework. And the whole context of "High Noon" is tragic; its meaning would be summed up in the expected, even inevitable, death of its hero. When he fails to die, he is destroyed as a hero and becomes an embittered superman. A picture that appears to be pointing toward a strong, if pessimistic, conclusion ends in a sour and petty gesture.

Quaker Baiting

And what of the opposing qualities of marshal and mob? Is he a compendium of strong and simple virtues and they a stew of purblind selfishness and fear? That seems a little arbitrary—for art or for life. Tragic heroes, we recall, carry the seed of their downfall

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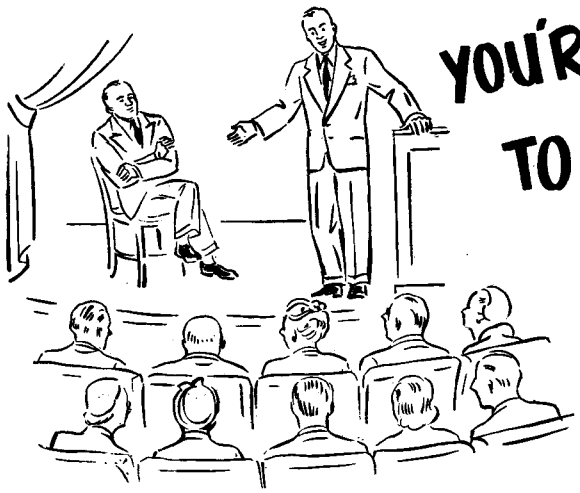

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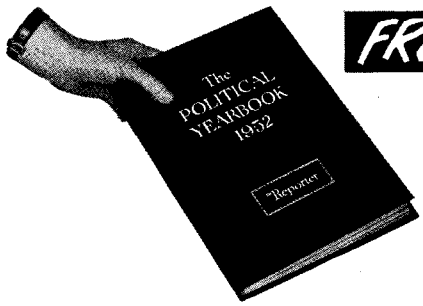

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within them, and it is that flaw which often sets them both above and against the crowd. The conflict in "High Noon" is soft and confused and shifting. There is no weakness in the hero, but then neither is there any downfall. The people are fools and cowards, but the worst they suffer is a look in the eye.

Presumably we are supposed to shrug our shoulders and comment that life is mighty peculiar. It is like seeing lightning and then waiting for thunder that never comes.

What is a Quaker likely to think of this picture? Has his religion been insulted for trivial reasons? The dilemma of the sincere pacifist confronted by implacable and immediate aggression is as painful as any in the area of human ethics. A writer should not evoke it merely to give body to his plot, but it does not appear that Foreman has a more serious purpose. I'll wager plenty that no movie company would horse-opera around this way with Catholic dogma.

What it comes down to is that the makers of "High Noon," in an attempt to inject new content into the standard Western formula, have raised vexing moral issues that they have no intention of treating in a responsible way. Although I am convinced that no villainy was intended, I think it is fair to say that, excellent though the execution may be, content makes "High Noon" a shabby film.

Leave the Classics Alone

It is ironic that the attempt to be superior to the Western formula is entirely pointless. The Western is one of the best things that ever came out of California. It has its origin in the fortunate accident that the movies went West in search of sunlight and found out there magnificent scenery and a body of superb horsemen ready for a new kind of cops-and-robbers. A Western is a folk tale, and therefore its ingredients are always the same, always a little naïve, and always entirely satisfactory when handled competently and without self-conscious spoofing or apology. Take a look at "The Duel at Silver Creek," in which Audie Murphy plays a smooth-faced kid with the deadliest shooting irons north of Laredo, and your enthusiasm for the authentic, as opposed to the improved, Western will be renewed.

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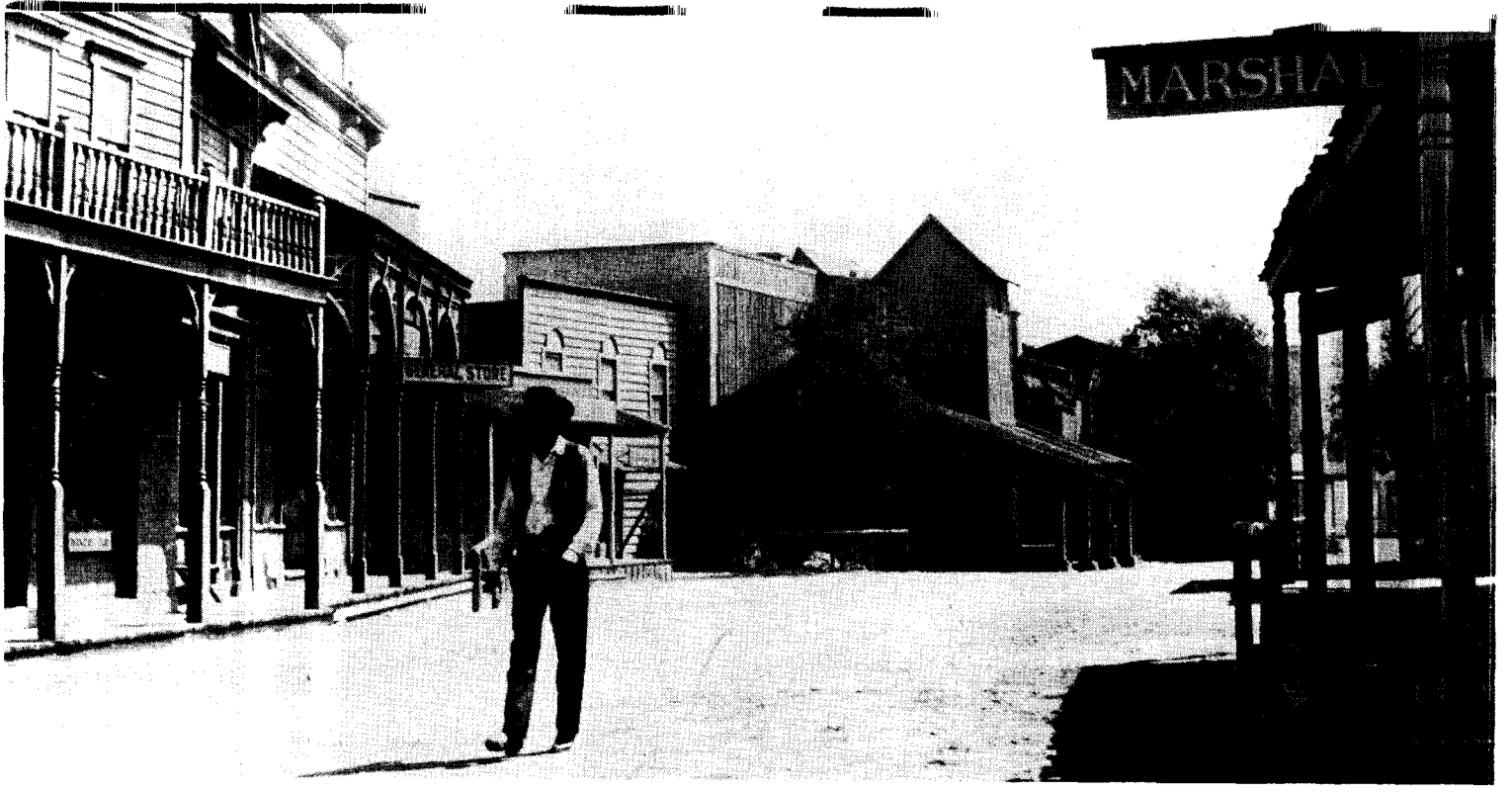

'High Noon': Above, trouble ahead—the traditional empty street; below, Jurado and Cooper

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THE DARK CAN KILL YOU

WHO IS the real villain in America's terrible tragedy of traffic deaths — a tragedy that featured its millionth victim last year?

Reckless youth? Lax laws? Drunken driving? Speeding?

There is some evidence that darkness — just plain darkness — is more to blame than any of these. In a Connecticut area, for instance, where 182 pedestrians were killed at night in two years, *179 were killed on poorly lighted streets.*

Cities across the country have already been doing something about it — lighting their killer corners, illuminating their death-trap streets.

What happened?

Salt Lake City cut night deaths 92% in one area; Grand Rapids 78%; Bridgeport 93%; Houston 80%; Los Angeles 91%.

Hartford relit 10 miles of poorly lighted streets and dropped the ratio of night deaths to day deaths from 9 to 1, to 0.2 to 1.

Detroit attacked a dangerous area with better lighting and reduced the ratio from 7 to 1, to 1.6 to 1.

In Syracuse one test area showed 28 less accidents in three months.

The savings in property and man hours more than paid for the lighting costs. It is estimated that good street lighting could save the nation $1,450,000,000 a year — and the savings in human happiness are incalculable!

"When will they do this night-lighting job on a big scale, and not in just a few wide-awake towns?" asks the man who drives a car.

That old taxpayers' devil — cost — has been the big hurdle, as local municipal officials can tell you.

Realizing this, General Electric has thrown research and engineering talent against that problem — and has made some encouraging discoveries in lamp and light-fixture efficiency.

Take the case of Kansas City. In cooperation with their local power and light company, they decided to fight traffic deaths with light. Now they have before-and-after cost figures.

Read this one slowly. Their annual lighting bill was $640,000 in 1940. Now, with four times the light, the bill is $615,000. And the night-to-day death ratio dropped from 9 to 1, to less than 2 to 1.

When that news gets around properly, you'll see more action in American cities.

It isn't only in street lighting that General Electric engineers put their heads together with city officials to make things better for taxpayers. It's happening in problems of water shortage, waste disposal, traffic control, factory and home modernization, and in all the ways electricity can add to productivity.

It's hard to write a definition of the American way. It's easy to find examples.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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